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BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 39 No. 3 SEPTEMBER, 1949

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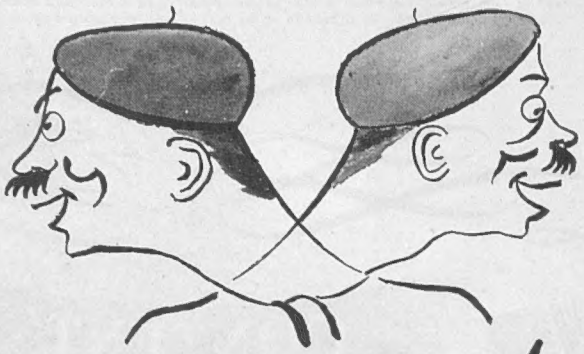

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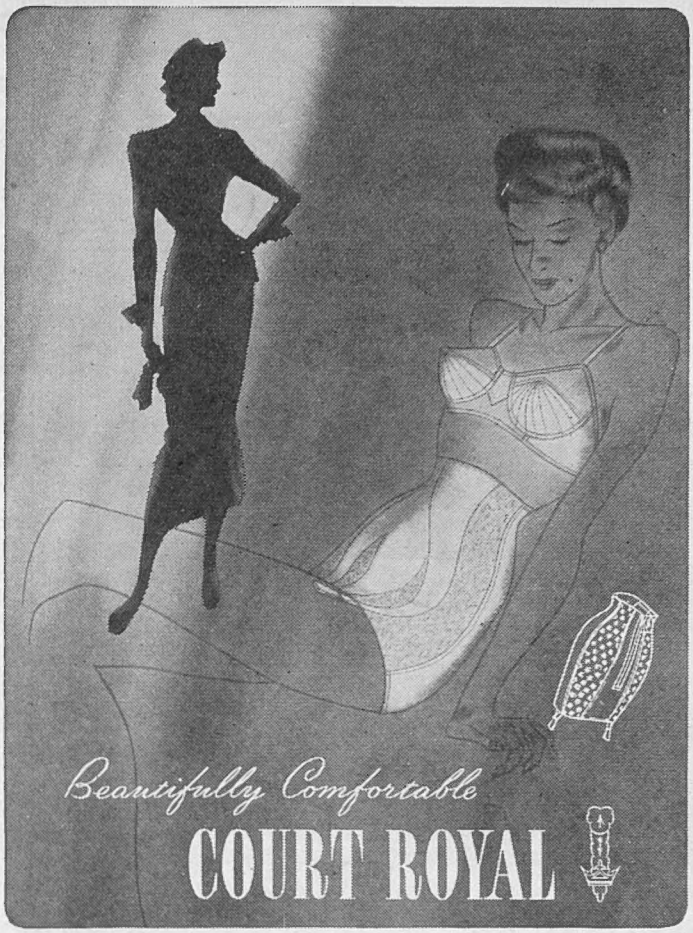

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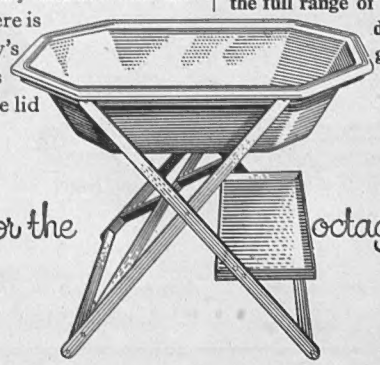

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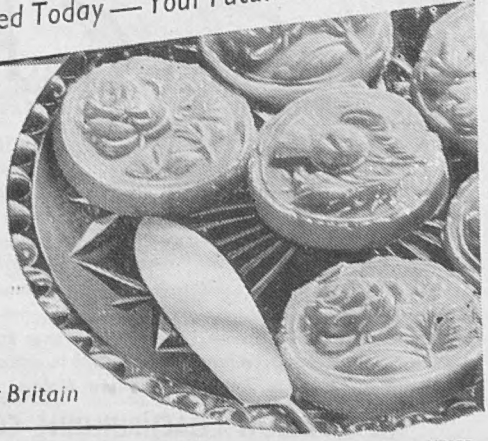

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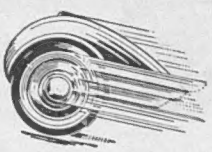

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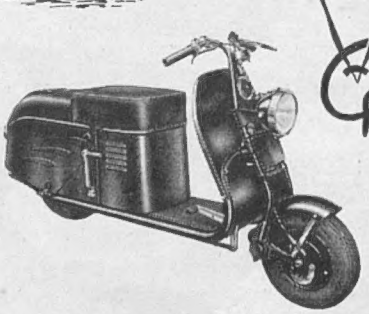

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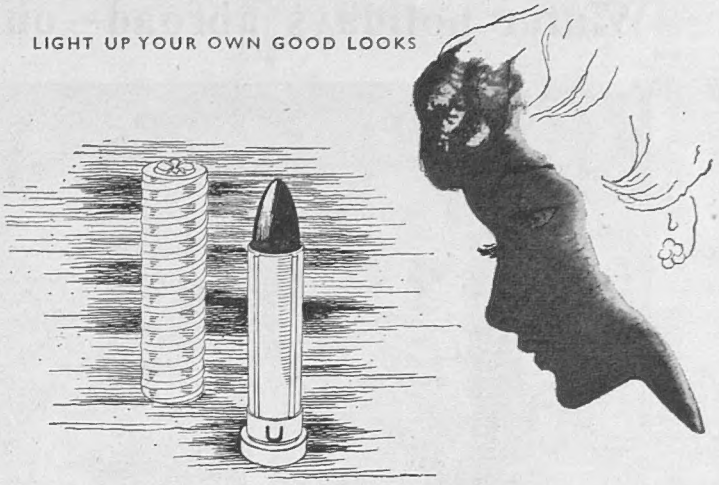

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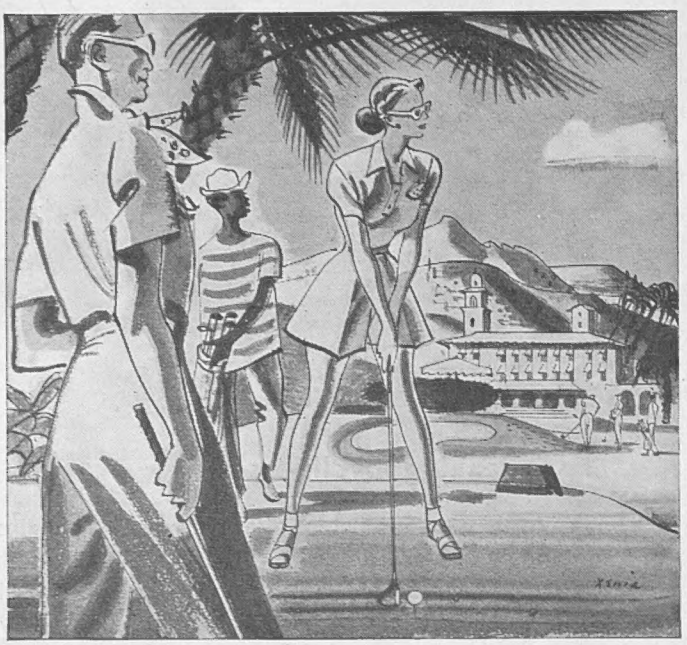

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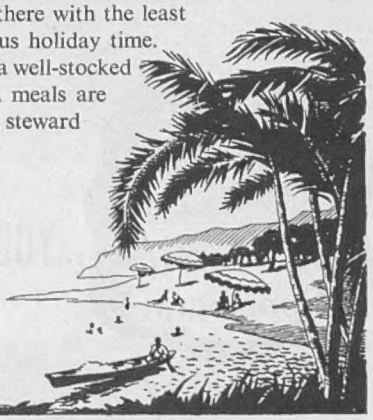

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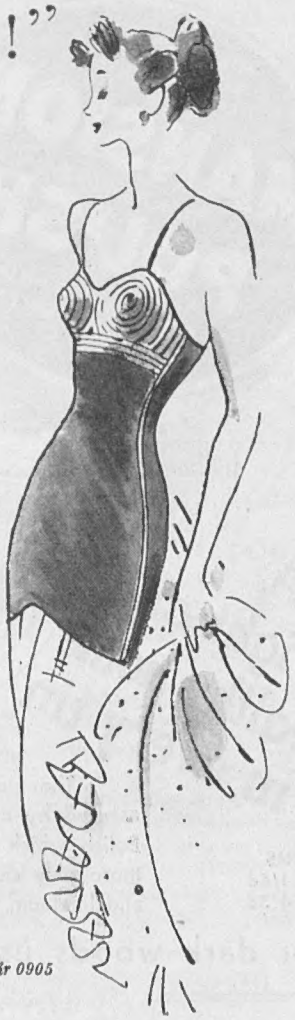

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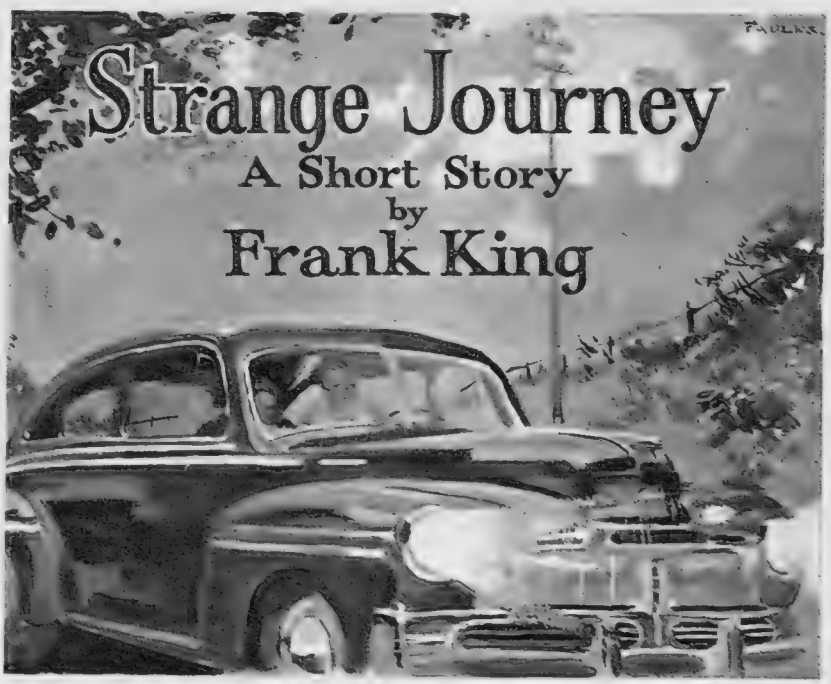
Robert accompanied her down to the stage door. Here he helped her to negotiate some enthusiastic fans . . .

Strange Journey

A Short Story

by

Frank King



THE Repertory Players were performing for the last time at the Opera House. They were a good combination, and had had a very successful season in Chelmston. It was not lack of support that had brought about the crisis, but the advent of pantomime, starting rehearsals next week. With no alternative home, the Players were compelled to disband.

Celia Porter was not so concerned about this as some of her companions. For her the night held an additional and very different importance. She was going out on approval, so to speak. Robert would be calling for her after the show, and taking her to spend a few days with his uncle. The old man, so she understood, was a tyrant, hard and bitter. But if he liked her, and thought her a suitable wife for his nephew, everything in the garden would be lovely. He 'd all the money in the world—or most of it.

So Celia was feeling very excited as she charmed the audience in her most successful rôle—Helene Godfrey in *Deadlier Than the Male*. She knew that she would have to exert herself to the utmost during the next few days. Robert had warned her that his uncle was a hard nut to crack. But she 'd captivated the good people of Chelmston. Why shouldn't she be equally successful with Walter Grandage ? . . .

At the end of the performance there were many curtains, several bouquets, and a few regretful speeches from the stage. It was nearly eleven o'clock when Celia, flushed and radiant, reached her dressing-room. Robert Duffy hoisted his long athletic figure from a chair and grinned at her.

" Thought they were going to eat you," he commented.

" Wonderful, wasn't it ? You didn't see the show ? "

" Only just got here. The old boy decided that he wanted to talk business, so my plans were of no importance whatsoever. In his opinion it was a crazy notion coming to fetch you to-night, anyhow. To-morrow would have done just as well."

" Oh, dear ! " cried Celia. " You scare me. Suppose he doesn't—like me ? "

" He will," asserted Robert. " He 'll soon be eating out of your hand. But get a move on, darling, or he 'll have taken himself off to bed before we get home."

Celia was soon ready for the journey. Robert Duffy picked up the suitcase which she had brought to the theatre with her, and accompanied her down to the stage door. Here he helped her to negotiate some enthusiastic fans, then led the way to a big American car parked just round the corner.

" Golly ! " exclaimed Celia, sinking into the luxurious upholstery. " Someone left you a fortune ? "

" It 's the old boy's," explained Robert. " Brought it back with him on his last trip to the States."

" He can't be quite so bad as you make out if he 's lent you his car to fetch me. Oh, I do hope I 'll make a good impression."

" No doubt about that, sweetheart. But don't be hurt if he 's rude to you. Sometimes I think he can't help it."

The powerful car ate up the thirty miles to London. Celia's excitement persisted, accompanied by a considerable degree of trepidation. Walter Grandage must be a queer customer ; probably quite allergic to charm. All the same, she hoped he wouldn't have gone to bed. She was keyed up now, ready to meet him. Postponement would merely make the ordeal worse.

It was soon after midnight when they arrived at the big house in Hampstead. At first sight it appeared to be in darkness. But as the car rolled up the drive, Celia saw that one downstairs window at the side of the house was illuminated.

" Still in his study," commented Robert. " I 'll get you two introduced before I put the car away."

He pulled up on the gravelled path just outside the lighted window and helped Celia from the car.

"We 're here, Uncle!" he called loudly. Leading her round to the front door, he unlocked this with his latch-key, and ushered her into the large, comfortably furnished lounge. "You 'look lovely," he added.

"I feel like running away," confessed Celia.

"Nonsense," said Robert. "He 'll fall in love with you as soon as he sees you."

After they had waited a few minutes a trace of surprise showed on his handsome features.

"Wonder what 's delaying him. Perhaps he didn't hear us. I 'll go and see."

He went out, leaving the door open. Celia heard him cross the hall to the corridor leading to the side of the house. Almost immediately he uttered a sharp exclamation, afterwards knocking loudly on a door. She heard this open, heard his startled cry.

"Good God! He 's gassed himself!"

Then he shouted:

"Something wrong here, Celia. Ring 999. Get the police and a doctor. I must clear the poisonous stuff out of the room."

As Celia hurried to the telephone she heard him open the study window.

IN this same lounge some time later, Mr. Peter Trevor, immaculate as always, listened intently while Inspector Jamieson described how Walter Grandage's body had been found.

"Our men were here within two minutes," concluded Jamieson. "Duffy had opened the window, turned off the gas-fire and was just going to drag his uncle out of the gas-filled room."

"A leak somewhere?"

"No. Everything seems in order. The gasfire hadn't been lit—the elements were quite cold — but Duffy says the tap was turned on at full."

"Cause of death quite definite?"

"Oh, yes. The body has that rosy-pink colour you always get in coal-gas poisoning. The doctor says Grandage died about an hour before Duffy found him."

"No servants about?"

"No. There is a man-servant called Orchard, but he 's away for the week-end. Two women come in to help during the day, going home each night."

"So Grandage was alone in the house?" Peter frowned thoughtfully. "Normally, I suppose, both the nephew and the manservant would have been in. Looks rather like a suicide choosing his opportunity. Yet you sent for me. Why?"

"It 's murder, Mr. Trevor."

"You seem very sure of it."

"So 'll you be," growled Jamieson, "when you view the corpse."

"Very well," agreed Peter. "Let 's see if it can tell us anything."

They crossed the hall, traversed a short corridor and entered the study. This was a smallish room, with well-filled bookshelves, comfortable easy chairs, and a flat-topped desk on which were a massive silver-bound blotter, a stationery cabinet, and several standard books of reference. Though the french window stood wide open, the sickly smell of gas persisted.

The body of Walter Grandage, elderly, small and shrunken, had not been moved. It lay on its right side, on the thick hearthrug. Its knees were drawn up, as though Grandage had settled down there to sleep. After one glance at the livid bruise on the left cheek, Peter nodded.

"Certainly suggests murder, Jimmy. Your idea is that someone knocked him unconscious, then turned on the gas and left him here?"

"Must be something like that, mustn't it?"

"Any prints on the gas-tap?"

"Only his own; and those made by the nephew when turning it off. But the murderer could have worn gloves. Or maybe used the old trick of turning the gas off at the meter, waiting until all in the pipes was burned away, then turning it on again."

"Yes. Well, you 'd better tell me a little more about him while I look him over."

Peter carefully hitched up his trousers so that the knife-edged creases would not be spoiled, and knelt to examine the body. Jamieson flipped open his notebook.

"There 's not much more to tell," he said. "Grandage was a wealthy man, head of a firm of exporters. The nephew, Robert Duffy, lived here with him, and has quite a good job in the same firm. So far as he knows, there are no other relatives. He 's the next-of-kin and will inherit everything—unless Grandage has made other provisions in his will, which Duffy doesn't think likely."

"Perhaps as well he 's such an excellent alibi," murmured Peter. After a while he added: "No doubt about the facts here. Death due to carbon monoxide poisoning, and occurred within a few minutes of eleven o'clock last night. At that time Duffy was in Chelmston, eh?"

"Yes. His fiancée, Miss Porter, corroborates that. I 've checked up on their combined statements, because Duffy admits quite freely that he and his uncle weren't on the best of terms. Quarrelled a lot. He 's the obvious suspect. But the Chelmston police have made some

Illustrations by Jack Faulks.

In the lounge, Celia Porter sat on the settee with

Robert Duffy and looked rather frightened.

hurried enquiries. Unquestionably Duffy reached the Opera House there about a quarter to eleven. So he couldn't have been here after ten at the latest—and that would mean some damned fast driving. Actually, he says he left about half-past nine. And, of course, he didn't get back until after twelve. Unless you can imagine him knocking his uncle unconscious and arranging the gassing before he left—"

"In that case Grandage would have died much earlier. No, Duffy 's out of it, all right. Couldn't possibly be responsible —unless there are some facts we 've overlooked. Wonder why his first thought was that his uncle had gassed himself. He must have seen the bruised face, surely ? "

Jamieson snorted indignantly.

"And suppose he did ? You can't expect a layman to realise its significance at such a moment."

Peter grinned. "Perhaps not. Has he any idea who the murderer may be ? "

"Not a suspicion."

"Grandage was alone in the house when he left ? "

"Yes. He says he intended setting off for Chelmston immediately after dinner. But his uncle wanted to talk over some business with him, so he had to wait."

"Doors and windows all right ? "

"I see what you 're getting at, Mr. Trevor. And I agree. They 're all securely fastened. There 's no sign of any burglar getting in. Which means that Grandage must have admitted the murderer himself."

"And therefore was killed by someone well known to him ? It doesn't necessarily follow, Jimmy. A complete stranger may have rung the bell, and struck him as soon as he opened the door. But I 'll admit that doesn't sound altogether convincing, either."

"Not a bit. Seems to me that someone knew he 'd be alone in the house. Can't be just a coincidence that this happened when both the manservant and the nephew were away."

Peter looked up from his examination, nodding thoughtfully.

"Sounds reasonable enough. And if you 're right, the murderer must have been in fairly close touch with the family. What about the manservant—Orchard ? Have you been able to check on him ? "

"He 's where he 's supposed to be—in Eastbourne. But for all I know, he may have sneaked up to town this evening, killed Grandage and gone back."

"It 's a curious method of murder, of course. To knock your victim unconscious and gas him doesn't sound like a premeditated action. Suggests something more in the nature of a sudden impulse. I can't understand this curious posture, either. I 'm pretty sure Grandage couldn't have fallen like that—curled up, just as though he were asleep. And I can't believe he was lying here asleep when the murderer struck him. You know, Jimmy, I 've an idea this isn't going to be an easy case."

"So have I," grunted Jamieson. "That 's why I asked for you to be called in."

"Flattering. But sometimes I wish you 'd give me something straightforward for a change." Peter leaned over the body again. "Now let 's see if we can decide what caused this bruise. Perhaps the familiar blunt instrument. Or even— Hey ! Wait a minute ! " A trace of excitement sounded in his voice. "I don't think this is—— Will you get my bag ? "

Jamieson hurried out for the bag. Taking an instrument case from it, Peter selected a small scalpel, and with this made a tiny incision in the livid bruise on the dead man's cheek. He examined the cut closely through a powerful lens. Then he rose to his feet and moved slowly about the room, softly whistling something which was barely recognisable as "Annie Laurie."

"That isn't a bruise, Jimmy," he said after a while. "It 's due to hypostasis."

"Tells me quite a lot, Mr. Trevor."

"Sorry. Perhaps you 'll understand better if I call it post-mortem staining. It 's a condition found in all bodies, no matter what the cause of death, and is due simply and solely to gravity. Blood, like any other liquid, tries to find its lowest level. It gravitates into the lowest parts of the body, according to the position in which this is lying, and there causes a discoloration of the skin, which looks exactly like a bruise and has often been mistaken for one."

" But surely our surgeon should have known——"

" He was probably misled by the fact that hypostasis does not as a rule occur until some considerable time after death, perhaps eight or ten hours. Besides, for obvious reasons, you don't expect to see it in the face. But it can occur almost immediately after death, and in this case there 's no doubt about the condition. The incision I made proves it conclusively. There 's no extravasation of blood into the tissues. Therefore there was no bruising before death."

" Gosh ! Then it *was* suicide, after all ? "

" No. It 's still murder. Even more definitely murder. Unless—— Are you quite sure the body hasn't been moved ? "

" It 's exactly as Duffy found it."

" You did say that, when your men arrived, he was trying to drag it out of the room."

" He was just starting to. The french window was wide open, so they came straight to it. They saw him stooping to lift the body, and called out, asking him not to interfere with anything."

" Queer. A lot can be done in two minutes. It wouldn't take him thirty seconds to open the window and turn off the gas. What was he doing for the rest of the time ? I wonder if he did turn the body over for any reason ? "

" He says he didn't touch it at all. Why so concerned about it, Mr. Trevor ? "

Peter felt in a pocket and snapped his fingers irritably. Recognising the gesture, Jamieson gave him a cigarette and a light.

" Thanks, Jimmy. I am worried about this. Because if Duffy didn't move the body—turn it right over, in fact—someone else did. Post-mortem staining isn't brought about in a matter of minutes. Grandage died at eleven o'clock. To produce that hypostasis on his left cheek he must have been lying on his left side for the best part of an hour. Yet he was found lying on his right, soon after twelve. Who turned him over—and why ? "

" You mean he must have been moved within a very short time of Duffy finding him ? "

" I mean exactly that."

" But you 're getting us into a worse mess than ever, Mr. Trevor. If he wasn't knocked unconscious, how did anyone manage to gas him ? "

" I didn't say he wasn't unconscious, Jimmy. I merely said he wasn't knocked out by a blow in the face. Let 's make absolutely certain about this hypostasis. It should be on other parts of his body. Help me to get some of his clothes off."

There was marked post-mortem staining on different parts of the left side of the body. After gazing at this verification of his diagnosis for a while, Peter's dark eyes suddenly glinted with excitement.

" Lift him up, please," he asked.

Surprised, Jamieson stooped and gathered Grandage's frail figure into his arms. As he straightened with his burden, Peter stopped him.

" See how you 're holding him, Jimmy. Your right arm under his shoulders, your left under his knees ; his body sagging between. If he 'd been a heavier man, you 'd have held him differently. Perhaps hoisted him on to your shoulder. Now put him down again, on his right side as before. Be very careful not to make any noise."

Jamieson obeyed, laying his burden on the carpet. Peter smiled at his puzzled face.

" See what you 've done ? Reproduced the exact position—curled up as though asleep. Just because of the way you were carrying him."

(*Continued on page* 58)

" We 're here, Uncle ! " he called loudly.

Land of the Almighty Dollar

Americans Get A Lot Out Of Life By Working Hard. They Are A Free People In The True And Old-fashioned Meaning Of The Expression. And They Enjoy The Fruits Of Their Labours

By Harry J. Greenwall

THE attitude of the average person towards the United States is that it is a land of tall buildings and tall stories; he visualizes the States as a large, very large country where almost everybody has a great deal of money. Like most visions, this one is vastly distorted, but as the United States of America and the 140 million people who dwell there are destined to play a deciding factor in the lives and destinies of all of us, we might at least get the country and the people into better focus.

Firstly, how is it that the United States acquired so much wealth, for wealth there is, even if the vast majority of the people are not rich?

The United States owes its favoured nation position to three factors; first geographical. On the north there is Canada, a vast country with a population no larger than that of Greater London. No danger there. To the south, a collection of Latin Republics, mostly of Spanish origin and divided between themselves. To the east and west, the Atlantic and the Pacific, the most vast oceans in the world. No danger there; nothing, until the recent dawn of radio controlled projectiles.

Secondly, mineral wealth; a sub-soil that in actual value is not equalled anywhere in the world except, perhaps potentially, in Canada.

Thirdly, a vast reservoir of labour.

The native population of the United States, (I do not mean the Red Indians but the pioncers, the early settlers,) could not cope with a tithe of the development which awaited them. In the southern part of the United States they began to import slave labour from Africa to work in the cotton fields and the sugar plantations, but what was going to happen to solve the lack of labour problem in the north?

Fortunately for the future of the United States, which became the United States after the war between North and South, the Civil War, development coincided with grave troubles in Europe. Famine in Ireland; thousands of Irish emigrated to the U.S.A. Hunger in Central Europe; Poles, Prussians, Austrians, Czechs, Greeks and Hungarians went West to cash in on the high wages offered in this new Promised Land.

Too many people in Italy; hundreds of thousands of Italians filled the steerage class of the ships westward bound. Unemployment in Britain sent hundreds and hundreds of skilled craftsmen, builders and carpenters, lace workers from Nottingham, pottery workers from Staffordshire and the representatives of half a dozen other crafts across the Atlantic, all sure of jobs at high wages. They got the jobs and the high wages and they had both for a time, quite a long time, but there came a time when the human reservoir was full to the brim; what happened then, before the bar went up against immigration and the Quota Law was applied?

In Europe there has been no great outstanding industrial boom within the memory of living man, but just take the case of the coal industry in the United States, and I will go back no farther than the period immediately after the first World War. The coal miners in the U.S.A. then were wearing silk shirts, driving their own cars and living in their own houses. They were so rich that the miners hired semi-skilled workers and paid them $8 (£2) a day to do the worst of the work. But in the U.S.A. a boom is inevitably followed by a slump. In the coal industry just twenty years ago there was such a slump. There were too many mines and too many miners. The mineowners now paid the miners a nominal $20 (£5) a week, but the miner never received more than £3 or £3 10s. in actual cash; there were deductions for the *hire of tools*; goods purchased from stores at the pitheads cost very much more than elsewhere; the stores were the property of the mineowners.

The miners put up with these conditions until 1931 when there was a coal strike. Investigations showed the horror of conditions; miners had been living on two slices of dry bread a week; all this in the Land of the Almighty Dollar.

In March, 1936, at the end of the first Roosevelt term of office, it was stated that 1,229,000 people had lost their jobs in the previous January. That brought the total of unemployed in the United States to 12,626,000. At this period the total population of the United States was roughly 130 million.

What have the Americans, using the (*Continued on page* 56)

TOURISTS WHO TEST THEIR INITIATIVE

By Ferdinand Tuohy

THE War Office was no more than in tune with a current trend when it blessed an "initiative test" undertaken for a bet by four young army officers who said they'd get from Aldershot to the Spanish frontier and back in ten days while spending not more than £2.

One doesn't need to be a candidate for commando training in order to profit by the use of one's own endeavours when traversing foreign countries in these times. Shortage of spending money, keenest desire to get into circulation outside one's own too-familiar homeland, and a certain hankering to do so in foot-loose, unconventional manner, combine to form the very "climate" for displays of private enterprise.

Revolutionary trends in travel are to be detected by all who care to use their faculties. The specialist French call it "the drama of the big hotels" and hope to stem matters by creating the "camp hotel," a glorified country club tacked on to a luxury hotel. I visited one at Aix-les-Bains.

But it goes deeper than that. The ache to travel, stimulated by the tethering down process ordained by welfare and other economics, is accompanied by a desire, not so much to do things on the cheap, as to taste the adventure of seeing to one's own wants. The formalities and routines of travel appeal less and less to people sighing for personal freedom and inclined to see a maximum of it in a go-as-you-please which itself demands personal initiative.

These "initiative tests" at once cast a shadow before and throw a light behind. Do they not also recall the wandering students of the Middle Ages, who sometimes worked their passages, but were maintained wherever they went by the enlightened custom of the times? Those young officers got the same favouritism, and now I see that Eton's new headmaster, Mr. Robert Birley, calls for a restoration of the medieval tradition of students proceeding "freely and naturally" from country to country.

In the meantime, I have watched several of their kind anticipating matters by exercising their personal initiative.

There was the American college graduate I came across near Carhaix, in almost the last of old Brittany. He is there for six months and teaches English within a radius of a dozen miles, cycling around. He learns French and nearly pays his way. "Surprising," he said, "the number of young Bretons who want to pick up English. Behind it is the hope of getting to America. I have to promise to try to get them over. They learn about America as well. That's thrown in."

Now that's what I call personal initiative, well thought out. The Americans are good at it. They haven't all got money by any means. There was the young New England teacher I travelled with over the Alps, from Mentone to Grenoble. There he stopped, as he had fixed up a lecture. He had been six weeks circling France and hoped to keep going until September. He had done it off his own bat. "Put everything into the first lecture. Then you get a recommendation to the next place on your way, and so on." He talked in fair French on American school and college education and said he would follow my tip and put in more co-ed stuff to tickle the Gallic palate.

TOUSLE-HAIRED, ex-flyer Garry Davis, World Citizen No. 1, is a top-ranking exponent of the personal initiative. He hadn't even a passport, let alone £2, but now tours France in comfort and darts into other countries. I came upon him at Toulouse where he addressed many thousands in phonetic French which I hope my neighbours followed better than I did. Still, a bouquet for Garry who drew himself right up by his own shoestrings, which is the essence of the initiative test.

allow the bearer to pass freely without let or hindrance, and to afford him

Those young officers didn't have to do as much. Directly it became known who they were, everything was made easy for them. They even finished up in a lorry supplied by the police, and in an aeroplane! However, they had set out with the right idea, taking tents and compo rations, picks and shovels—and they did sleep once or twice in the lee of haystacks and by the roadside.

Hitch-hiking is by no means so easy, any longer, for the ordinary individual. There aren't the cars or the petrol; such cars as pass are full; fear of some dirty trick has not abated; lorry and truck drivers are inhibited up to a point by the class struggle from answering the thumb sign.

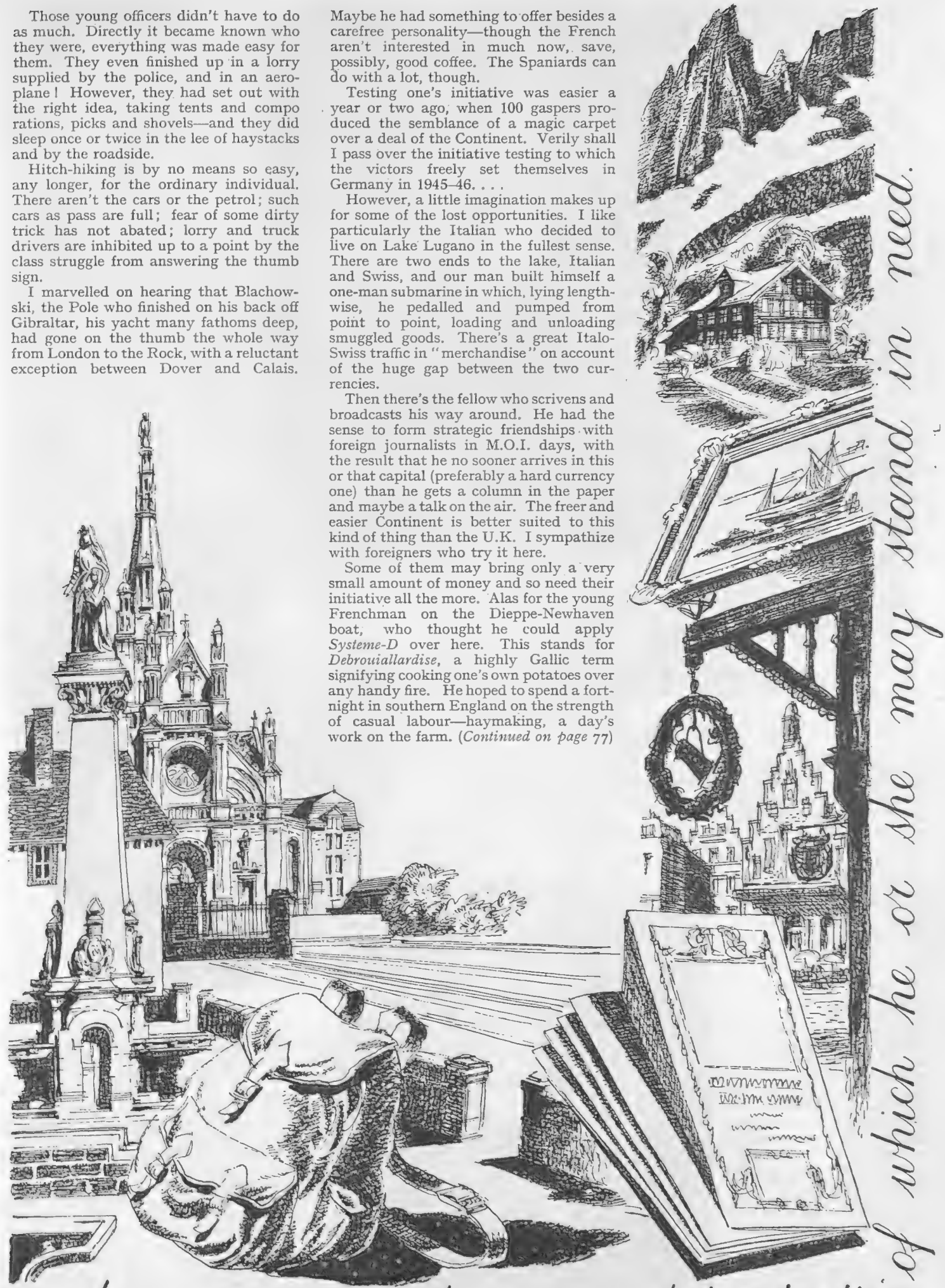
I marvelled on hearing that Blachowski, the Pole who finished on his back off Gibraltar, his yacht many fathoms deep, had gone on the thumb the whole way from London to the Rock, with a reluctant exception between Dover and Calais. Maybe he had something to offer besides a carefree personality—though the French aren't interested in much now, save, possibly, good coffee. The Spaniards can do with a lot, though.

Testing one's initiative was easier a year or two ago, when 100 gaspers produced the semblance of a magic carpet over a deal of the Continent. Verily shall I pass over the initiative testing to which the victors freely set themselves in Germany in 1945–46. . . .

However, a little imagination makes up for some of the lost opportunities. I like particularly the Italian who decided to live on Lake Lugano in the fullest sense. There are two ends to the lake, Italian and Swiss, and our man built himself a one-man submarine in which, lying lengthwise, he pedalled and pumped from point to point, loading and unloading smuggled goods. There's a great Italo-Swiss traffic in "merchandise" on account of the huge gap between the two currencies.

Then there's the fellow who scrivens and broadcasts his way around. He had the sense to form strategic friendships with foreign journalists in M.O.I. days, with the result that he no sooner arrives in this or that capital (preferably a hard currency one) than he gets a column in the paper and maybe a talk on the air. The freer and easier Continent is better suited to this kind of thing than the U.K. I sympathize with foreigners who try it here.

Some of them may bring only a very small amount of money and so need their initiative all the more. Alas for the young Frenchman on the Dieppe-Newhaven boat, who thought he could apply *Systeme-D* over here. This stands for *Debrouillardise*, a highly Gallic term signifying cooking one's own potatoes over any handy fire. He hoped to spend a fortnight in southern England on the strength of casual labour—haymaking, a day's work on the farm. (*Continued on page* 77)



or her every assistance and protection of which he or she may stand in need.

"Control by men and women over the numbers of their children is one of the first conditions of their own and the community's welfare." Report of the Royal Commission on Population, 1949

The World's Growing Populations

By Irene Clephane

(*On left*) The Rev. T. R. Malthus. He published in 1798 an *Essay on Population* and met with fierce criticism

POSSIBLY at some time in the world's history human birth was as simple a matter for all women as it still was, if we are to believe "Elizabeth" of the German garden, for the Polish peasants who worked on her husband's land. For the average woman of the west, it has long ceased to be a comfortable function. Yet for centuries marriage meant a succession of pregnancies and births to any woman not by nature barren. That population did not increase at anything like the rate implied by this unchecked breeding was partly because the women, often married in their early teens while their bodies were immature, died young from the strains of constant and ill-attended childbearing; and partly because of the shocking death-rate among infants.

The second half of the eighteenth century, however, produced an unprecedented increase in the population of England—between 1750 and 1800 it rose from six and a half to nine millions. New ways of living, and the beginning of the industrial revolution, were already creating conditions in which more human beings contrived to survive the dangers of childhood. This marked increase alarmed the economists who were one of the symptoms of the new era, and one in particular, an obscure curate named Malthus, sprang into fame with an essay on population in which he urged that disaster would rapidly overtake the human race unless something were done to check the natural capacity of man to increase geometrically while the produce of the soil on which he lived could at best increase arithmetically—and could do even that for a limited time only.

A man of strict morality and also, one suspects, of low erotic urge, Malthus advocated late marriage (with absolute continence beforehand) followed by congress only at such times as it was desired to beget a child. "We must on no account do anything which tends directly to encourage marriage," he wrote, "or to remove in any regular and systematic manner that inequality of circumstances which ought always to exist between the single man and the man with a family. . . ."

(*On right*) Charles Bradlaugh who was, together with Mrs. Besant, arrested and tried before a special jury for publishing the Knowlton Booklet

He advocated further the severe restriction, and ultimate abolition, of poor law relief, and the treatment of the indigent as criminal, rather than as unfortunate, beings. His whole attitude to the solution of the problem he had stated was singularly lacking in human warmth and human understanding. He gained a wide hearing among the intellectual. But the industrial revolution continued on its way, and ordinary men and women continued to come together, inside and outside marriage, and to propagate their kind as before, with complete disregard of Malthus's teaching.

A QUARTER of a century after the publication of Malthus's essay, Francis Place, who called himself "The Radical Tailor," put into print for the first time an advocacy of the mechanical control of conception. Place believed in Malthus's theory of population; he did not believe in Malthus's remedies. He considered early marriage a good thing—his own marriage at twenty had extricated him from a way of living already vicious. Normal marriage had brought to him the then normal result: he was the father of fifteen children, born between 1792 and 1817, five of whom died in childhood. He knew from experience the drain on the health and purse of struggling parents that comes with a rapidly increasing family, the anguish of sickness (*Continued on page 74*)

Mrs. Annie Besant who in collaboration with Charles Bradlaugh set up the Freethought Publishing Company, from which the first book issued was Knowlton's *Fruits of Philosophy* with a new preface by Bradlaugh and Besant

HIS eyes lingered over her perfect, too-smart-for-the-country tweeds, the sheen of her up-swept hair beneath the diamond-stabbed felt hat

Horse-Madness

By Eve Orme

If You Love, And Understand Horses, You'll Come To Know A Good Deal About People

TO Zelie, just back from the States, the countryside seemed small and a little puny, as she drove herself in the Bentley to fetch her twelve-year-old daughter Leonie from her riding lesson. It was spring, and catkins hung in the hedgerows. "What acres of productive land," she thought, "we English must waste on hedges."

Miss Carruthers, Leonie's governess, left in charge while Zelie and Arthur Leyton had been abroad, had said this morning that Leonie had become quite mad about her riding. "Almost too much so," she had added. "Mr. Dent has an assistant now, and I must admit he seems to be an excellent teacher."

Zelie's mouth had tightened a little. She was not anxious for Leonie to be horse-mad. It was a good thing, of course, for her to know how to ride, but horse-madness, unless a clever commercial brain went with it, too often led to a backwater, and she despised backwaters.

It was nice, she reflected as she drove through country lanes, to have been in the States and so got through the winter in comfort, accompanied as she had been, by an important husband on an important business trip.

She stopped the car on the crest of a hill overlooking the riding school. Leonie had private lessons. It was as natural that they should be private as that everything about her mother, and her mother's home should be exclusive. For such exclusiveness Arthur Leyton paid, if not cheerfully, at least without undue demur, for money, provided one got value for it, he considered well spent.

Below her in a field, Zelie could see a slight girl and a man on horse-back. There was no doubt about the girl being Leonie. Her perfectly cut, man-tailored jodhpurs and her yellow sweater were indication enough. Something about the man, an indefinite feeling of recognition; made Zelie draw a quick breath. It was odd that he should remind her of the man who'd once said, "A chap's seat upon a horse is the most unforgettable thing about him."

In a neighbouring field there were some made-up fences, and the man was pointing towards them. Apparently the girl acquiesced in some suggestion that he made. He led the way into the field, and she followed. The man cantered towards a fence which was a "cut and laid." He steadied his horse to face it, then put him at it. The horse took it easily.

"No," Zelie murmured to herself, "it can't be. . . ."

Over the still air came the sound of a young voice that seemed to ask a question. "Go ahead then!" called the man. He sat loosely on his horse, watching the girl as she, too, steadied her pony, and cleared the fence well. Then it seemed to Zelie, that turning, the man stared directly at her car upon the hill. She started the engine, her face white beneath its make-up. She and the Bentley, smooth, streamlined, immaculate, sped down the hill.

She left the car by a gate, and walked across a field in the direction of the girl and the man. Leonie saw her mother, and waved. Then she cantered towards her.

"Mummy, did you see the way Judy took that fence? And I sat all right, didn't I, except that my knees left the saddle just a little?"

The man was advancing on his horse more slowly. He and Leonie were alike in their fairness and length of limb, but his eyes were blue, while Leonie's were sherry brown like her mother's. He dismounted and stood, the reins around his arm. His face was deeply tanned. The skin of it seemed tightly stretched across the cheek-bones. His upper lip was long, and closed firmly over the lower. His gaze, as it fell on Zelie, was a little ironical. It was hardly fair, he was thinking, for he had the advantage of her. He'd been prepared for this.

He took charge of the situation. Zelie, normally unused to anyone except herself taking charge of any situation in which she was involved, knew relief. The remarks that had come to her mind were impossible to speak with Leonie beside them on her pony.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Leyton," the man said. "I saw your car up on the hill. I'm glad you were in time to see Leonie take her first fence. She rode well and straight at it don't you think?"

His eyes flicked her. She knew the thought behind them, that she, Zelie Leyton, had never ridden straight at a fence in her life.

"You'd better go and fetch your things, Leonie," she said. "Where is your coat? You ought to be wearing it. It isn't summer yet."

"Mummy, I'd have been boiled!"

"Go and fetch them, darling. Where are they?"

"I left them at the stables, Mummy."

Her things were the whipcord jacket, the velvet cap, the yellow string gloves—all of them bought especially so that she should be properly equipped for riding.

"When you get to the stables, Leonie," said the man, "you can ask Joe to let you give Judy a rub down."

"Ooh!" Leonie cantered off

"Was that necessary?" asked Zelie, and her tone added, "that piece of gratuitous interference."

"My pupils learn to care for their horses as well as ride them," he said.

"Jack, this is iniquitous! What is the meaning of it?"

His eyes lingered over her perfect, too-smart-for-the-country tweeds, the sheen of her up-swept hair beneath the diamond-stabbed felt hat. He took in the petal-smoothness of her carefully preserved skin, and the smallness of the soul that lay behind her eyes.

"I heard that you and Leyton had gone to the States for six months," he said, "at least, I read it in a newspaper. On a business trip, wasn't it? How providential a thing is business when it

Illustrations by Mackinlay

"THAT'S a letter he left with it, Mummy. You can read it if you like. It's an awfully nice letter"

takes one out of this poor old country!"

The expression in his eyes mocked her anger. "I discovered, too, that my child was taking riding lessons at this establishment, and I knew a desire to teach her myself."

"You were, as usual, out of a job, I take it?"

He smiled at her. "The Army had finished with me, and since then I'd been rather occupied in digging something out of myself."

"But. . . . But——" She stammered in her anxiety, "You had no business to come into such close contact with Leonie . . . you haven't even access to her. . . ."

"You're talking lawyer's jargon," he said.

"But you know as well as I do that Leonie was adopted by my husband, and that you allowed it. She believes he is her father. You have no right to try and make any claim to her."

She remembered that half-smile; the way the corner of a tightly closed mouth could lift.

"I make no claim," he said. "I only wanted to contribute." It's like her to panic, he thought.

"And what can you contribute that Arthur can't? He—he is a very generous man. You were never anything but a waster with a ridiculous passion for horses."

"Passion," he answered, "may be tormented and ruthless, but it is seldom ridiculous."

She made an angry sound.

"The only example I personally had of your husband's generosity was that he was prepared to allow you to stake a claim to his bank balance provided I allowed myself to be found in a hotel bedroom with a woman and a breakfast tray."

"Your denials of . . . of infidelity come a little late," she said.

"You can convince yourself of anything, can't you, Zelie? But I agree, they do come too late." His tone hardened. "I should have divorced you, and kept Leonie, but I was young, hard up, and I was afraid for her."

"You were right to be afraid for her," she said, "for Leonie, as she is placed at present, will never be hard up. After all, you only did what any decent man would have done under the same circumstances. But Jack, there is no need for us to be enemies after eleven years."

It was incredible, he thought, how at will she could change her expression and become all dewy-eyed.

"Jack, it's that I don't want Leonie hurt. I *really* don't want her hurt, Jack. If you see too much of her, you might let something slip."

"I shouldn't let anything slip," he said. She does love her, he thought, and was glad.

She went on, "Is it any use my appealing to you—for the sake of what we were to one another once?"

"Cut that out, Zelie." He thought, she can still draw me. If we were alone in a room together, it would be a sound thing to keep the grand piano between us or I'd be in that slough again. "If you want to make an appeal, make it," he said, "but cut that other stuff out."

"Then—Jack—don't try and take her from me—in *any* way, Jack! She's all I have. You were right about Arthur."

She could not be loyal to anyone. He looked at her diamond pin, at the ring upon her ungloved hand, at the morocco bag she carried, and the expression in his eyes changed to pity.

"I don't want to take anything of her from you, Zelie."

He saw relief in her face. "As a matter of fact I'm leaving this outfit to-morrow."

"Oh. . . . Does Leonie know?"

"No, I haven't told her, and I'd rather you didn't. I'll use my own discretion in the way I say good-bye. You can trust it."

(*Continued on page* 62)

The Mystery of the Dragonfly

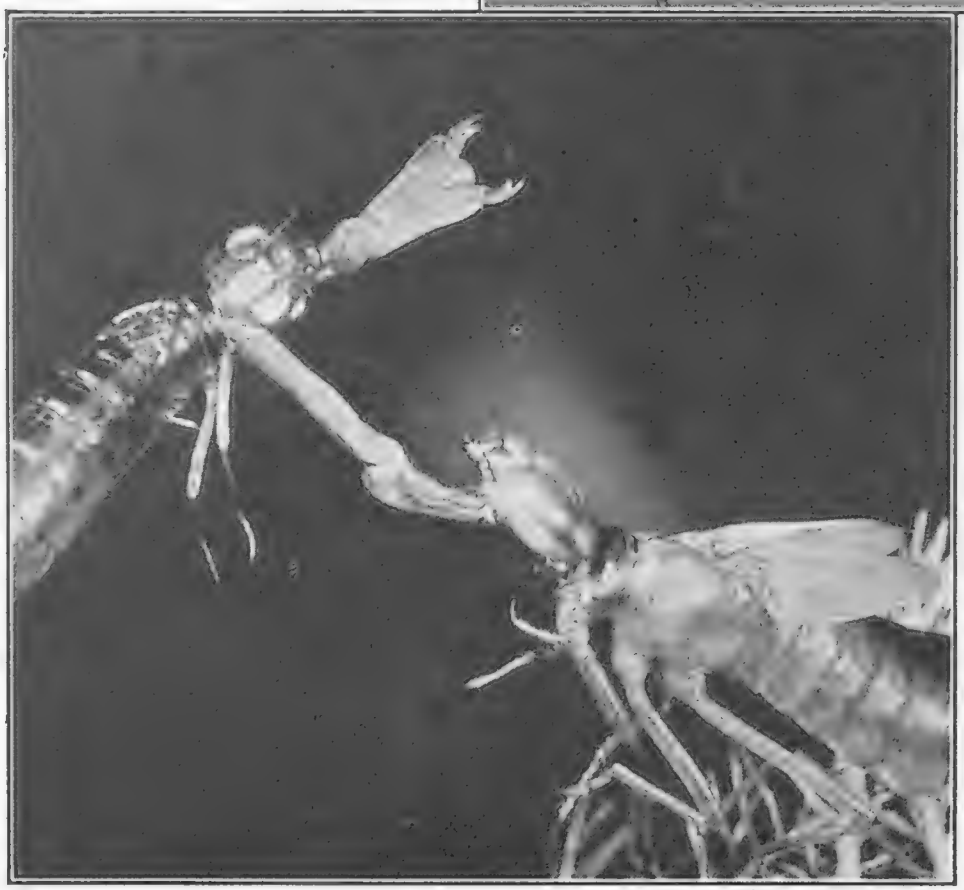
By Cecily Morrison

The head of a fully grown dragonfly

A DRAGONFLY grub holds more mysteries than a conjurer's box of tricks. And never was there a more thrilling transformation than from the dragonfly's mud-grovelling infant to the dainty, gauzy-winged adult.

Although it spends the greater part of its life in the water, probably no other insect is more a creature of the air than the dragonfly. It has legs but never walks. It rushes through the air, scooping up its victims in its basket of spine-fringed legs, sucking their bodies dry and releasing their carcasses without ever slackening its headlong pace. Suddenly alighting in the reeds, it will just as suddenly take the air again, swooping, turning and zooming with the ease of a pursuit plane; hovering like a helicopter; or leaving the realm of aeroplanes altogether by darting backwards or sideways.

An excellent example of an adult dragonfly. When flying at top speed, its wings move about 1,600 times a minute



(*On left*) One of the strangest traits of the dragonfly is its insatiable hunger. The picture on the left shows a dragonfly nymph eating another dragonfly. Note the outstretched underlip-pincers

Yet this same dragonfly, perhaps only a few hours before, was an ugly, crawling creature on a pond's muddy bottom.

Curiously, the nymph—as the grub is called—swims and breathes with the same apparatus. The thin walls of its lower intestines are formed into gills which absorb oxygen from the water. When the water is forcibly expelled from the lower end of the food canal, the recoil drives the nymph forward, like a jet-propelled submarine rocket.

And its food-trapping system is just as strange as its method of locomotion. The nymph's elongated lower lip is equipped with a pair of toothed pincers which, when not in use, fold downwards between its front legs. While it lies in wait in the reeds, a water bug or a caddis fly swims close by, and (*Continued on page 77*)

WELLINGTON AND THE LADIES

The Marriage Of The Hero Of Waterloo To Catherine Pakenham Was A Failure, But He Found Solace In The Perfect Friendship Of Mrs. Harriet Arbuthnot

Illustrated by JACK MATTHEW.

"ADORED by the ladies" was no exaggerated tribute to the illustrious Duke of Wellington. Lean, upright, elegant, with dark hair, brilliant blue eyes, a ringing laugh and joking ways, he was always immaculate, whether in dark-blue mufti or resplendent uniform. And was he not the hero of the Mahratta Wars in India, the Peninsular campaign, Waterloo? Small wonder that a woman should once have flung her arms about his neck at a Paris reception, kissed him, and hailed him as saviour.

Yet the woman who meant most to him was only a friend, and the wife of a friend—Mrs. Harriet Arbuthnot, whom he met with her diplomat husband Charles in Paris in 1814 when, as our Ambassador there, he was trying to straighten out the Napoleonic tangle and steer the French and Spanish Governments towards moderation and forbearance.

Harriet was an attractive, highly intelligent woman of the world, with graceful figure, large, soft, brown eyes, brown hair, small, expressive mouth, face of character and charm. She became his Egeria, such a dominant influence in his social life after Waterloo that he called her jocularly "La Tyranna"—the tyrant. Constantly he visited the Arbuthnots. When he was invited to house-parties, they would be there too. His love of her was as idealistic as that of

At a reception in Paris a woman flung her arms about his neck, kissed him, and hailed him as saviour

Thackeray for Mrs. Brookfield, also the wife of a close friend. His great-grand-niece and expert biographer, Lady Muriel Wellesley, says that he found in their company the rest and peace of a perfect sympathy and understanding; they made for him the only real home he ever knew.

For in his own he was not happy. As a young captain, aide to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, he had fallen in love with pretty, rose-petal Catherine Pakenham, daughter of Baron Longford, but was not regarded then as a good enough match for her. On his return from India in 1805, a friend told him that she had pined for him all the time he was away, and now expected him to propose. His heart was touched; he did so, picturing her as the lovely girl of his dream-days.

When they met he found her a thin, delicate woman of past thirty, a pale ghost of the beauty he had known. He felt for her not love but disillusion, yet they married the following spring. Then he discovered that, far from pining for him, she had all but accepted another suitor in his absence, and thought himself grossly deceived.

THE marriage was a failure. Kitty, the doting, worthy little country mouse, could not share his larger interests. She mismanaged, incurred debts while he was away campaigning. He tried to make the best of a bad job, and was attentive to their children. Then, at forty-four, he met Harriet and found what he lacked. This was the type of woman he should have married. The warmth and worship he could not give to Kitty he gave to her.

And he needed domestic solace in the turbulent years ahead. In France, in 1818, as his carriage drove through the gateway of his house, a fanatical Frenchman sprang out and fired at him, but they made the courtyard safely, with the coachman lashing his horses. The next year there was violent political unrest; six were killed in the charge of the Hussars at the Peterloo riot. The next, the Cato Street Plot to assassinate Cabinet Ministers, including Castlereagh and Wellington, and proclaim a republic.

Harriet, alarmed, wrote to Lady Shelley, another of his admirers, that the fright put her "in a shake"; the possibility of his having been murdered made her "quite sick." More anxiety followed when he was deputed to act for George IV. in his dispute with the Queen, and a hostile crowd hooted the

When he met Catherine, on his return from India, he found her a thin, delicate woman of past thirty, a pale ghost of the beauty he had known

Duke, mobbed him, and tried to pull him from his horse. Apart from which, he was now, in his early fifties, in poor health, and Lady Jersey, whom he had known since girlhood when he was A.D.C. to her father in Ireland, made a capricious bid to capture him from Harriet, because the conquest of such a prize would please her vanity.

"He gave her," Lady Cooper, a mutual friend, noted, "a fine diamond ring which she wears constantly on her finger or neck. He is delighted and laughs at it and at her always saying 'Not at home' to others when he calls." Harriet, however, sure of herself, was not seriously disturbed by this skirmish. "You need not be the least afraid of my ever changing," she wrote Lady Shelley. "I flatter myself, too, that *he* will not change; so that I am never made jealous even when you tell me to *take care*."

WHEN Lady Shelley was recuperating from a riding accident, Harriet and the Duke often visited her together to divert her with the news of the day. At a time when he was shouldering the cares of Prime Minister, he dined *tête-à-tête* with Harriet, who told Lady S.: "*I don't care*; I think we are old enough now, and it was made quite proper by my old governess coming home before we had done dinner. Poor fellow! the moment he had some coffee he sat down and read or wrote papers till past twelve o'clock at night. I told him he would very soon have no eyes left." Her comment on his normal busy day now was "What a life!"

Then came the sensational battle with Lord Winchelsea, a violent anti-Catholic, over Catholic Emancipation. When Winchelsea attacked Wellington's integrity in the Press, the Duke regarded it as a personal slur and demanded an apology. When no satisfactory apology was forthcoming, Wellington challenged him to a duel.

With Sir Henry Hardinge as second, he rode to the rendezvous in Battersea Fields, where his physician, Dr. Hume, had already been instructed to await an "affair of honour," unaware that Wellington was involved. Winchelsea was seconded by a much agitated Lord Falmouth, so distressed at the affair that he could hardly steady himself to load Winchelsea's pistol.

The ground was paced out, the duellists positioned. Hardinge, taking a paper from his pocket, read a renewed protest making Winchelsea and Falmouth responsible for bringing the dispute to this grave pass, while the Duke stood waiting with an ironic smile.

At the order "Fire!" he raised his pistol, but observing that Winchelsea

When Wellington was deputed to act for George IV. in his dispute with the Queen, a hostile crowd hooted the Duke, mobbed him, and tried to pull him from his horse

did not immediately raise his, hesitated a moment, then fired without result. Winchelsea thereupon fired into the air and crossed to Hardinge with Falmouth, who said that as Winchelsea had now received the Duke's fire, he felt at liberty to give him the reparation asked for. There was some haggling over the form the apology should take. Finally the point was agreed, the Duke touched the brim of his hat in salute, said "Good morning, my Lord Winchelsea. . . . Good morning, my Lord Falmouth," mounted his horse, and rode off, with Hardinge joining him.

A SHORT time later he surprised Harriet at breakfast with a wry: "Well, what do you think of a gentleman who has been fighting a duel?" She admitted afterwards to Lady S. that when she was told of the affair she wanted to cry, and would have died of fright had she known of it beforehand, but had the sense to make light of it. Lady Jersey and other Duke-smitten ladies were suitably perturbed, and poor Kitty, of course, could not think of her dear Arthur's life being so endangered without shuddering. This very stray pistol shot on Battersea Fields seemed much more terrible than Waterloo, Torres Vedras, Salamanca and Vittoria put together.

More troubles, alas, were to follow. During the agitation for the Reform Bill he was again threatened; Apsley House had to be guarded by armed servants. Kitty fell ill, and after a tender visit to her death-bed he was heard to reflect sadly: "It is a strange thing that two people can live together for half a lifetime and only understand one another at the very end." While she lay awaiting burial the house was stoned, windows were smashed. In the riots following the Bill's rejection, a stone whizzed past his head as he stood at his window.

THEN, in 1834, when he was sixty-five, the bitterest blow of all: Harriet's illness and death, which left him lost and desolate, clinging yet more closely to her husband's friendship. And on the rebound . . . Miss Jennings, assuredly the strangest of all the Duke's ladies. An ardent young evangelist who had converted a murderer before execution, she first set out to save the Duke's soul with a Bible. When they met he found her beautiful, and as she read to him from the 3rd Chapter of St. John: "*Ye* MUST *be born again*," he seized her hand, exclaiming: "Oh, *how* I *love* you!"

For a time it looked as if she might become the second Duchess, but spiritually she was too zealous, argumentative, demanding, too earnestly in quest of his soul to capture his heart. No one had ever preached at him as she did—wondering at the same time if "the end God had in view was my exaltation for His Glory." At the next meeting, she said, he exclaimed "This must be for life!" and she replied, "*If it be the Will of God.*" But the friendship duly petered out in reproaches, recrimination, even anger that made her burn his letters. She was too exacting for his worldly-wise mortality. In the end he was still thinking of his beloved Harriet: "I miss her more and more every day." Even unto death. . . .

END.

On Battersea Fields, the ground was paced out, the duellists positioned. Sir Henry Hardinge, taking a paper from his pocket, read a renewed protest making Winchelsea and Falmouth responsible for bringing the dispute to this grave pass, while the Duke stood waiting with an ironic smile

IN INDIA

IN CHINA

"Let 'em eat wood"

by GERALD WENDT

THE human race will not starve. The prophets who have recently bewailed the dwindling croplands and the steadily increasing population of the earth were thinking in terms of grains and meat. They paid no attention to the world's greatest food resource : the forests. Now that wood—any wood—can be converted into nutritious body-building foods, there is no need for alarm. There is enough food in forest wastes alone to support the world's two billion people—and enough unused forest to permit the multiplication of the race for centuries to come.

"The simple truth is that forests are the most efficient of all croplands. With little care and almost no work, an acre of forest can produce as much on a tonnage basis as an acre of farm land, and with equal investment of labour and materials, can produce many times as much." So says Dr. Egon Glesinger, who is Chief of the Forest Products Branch of the Food and Agriculture (*Continued on page* 80)

DECORATIONS BY NICOLSON

IN JAMAICA

IN A TROPICAL FOREST

Angels Fly High by Jacques Gillies

CARMODY, doyen of directors, leaned back in his chair. The lighting was finally adjusted and the set looked perfect. He breathed on his glasses and polished them. They reflected his satisfaction.

The cameras started. The clapper-boy clapped. Prunella moved easily down the set. She knew the scene backwards. When she got to the bookcase on the right Tristan Mansell would come in the door behind her, pause, and cry "Lydia, I've done it." She hoped he wouldn't muff it. It had been a long morning and the lights were making her eyes tired.

She was almost to the bookcase when the door opened. "Blast him!" she thought, "he's scene-stealing again."

The door slammed and a gay resonant voice, that certainly wasn't Tristan's, said: "Pardon me. Is this *Angels Fly High*?"

Prunella's hand flew to her mouth, Carmody reared up unsteadily, the continuity girl gave a faint shriek and the cameras stopped. The tall young man in R.A.F. uniform wasn't at all disturbed. "Sorry," he said, addressing them all, and grinned. In the bright lights his teeth flashed and he had so many decorations that it looked as if someone had spilled a paintbox on his breast.

Carmody came out of his chair, his face a luscious red. "Who the devil are you?"

"Good morning, sir. Squadron-Leader Treadwell from the Air Ministry. I was told to report here as Technical Adviser."

Carmody's script hit the floor raising a puff of dust. "Do you realize you've ruined a whole morning's work?"

"Sorry, sir. I didn't know the way. This door. . . ."

"Ever hear of asking your way instead of barging through the first door you see?"

The squadron-leader continued to make placating noises and Carmody caressed his jowls with a huge hand. "Alright," he said at last, "you'd better stick around. Look after him, Hastings, and keep him out of trouble."

Hastings, an assistant director, started to lead him away. He grinned over his shoulder at Prunella as he went. "I'm terribly sorry," he said and didn't look at all repentant.

Prunella, who regarded it as a *sine qua non* that young men meeting her for the first time blushed and stammered, didn't smile back. She moved thoughtfully to the other end of the set. The make-up man came out to check her hair-do and over his shoulder she could see Squadron-Leader Treadwell getting comfortable under a camera. He looked, she decided, a little unstable. She hoped he wouldn't be flying her about when they went on location.

At the end of the morning the scene was in the can and Carmody's blood pressure had returned to normal. They stopped for a quick lunch. The clapper-boy darted about with tea, and Lindy set up her hamper a little apart from the others.

Tristan joined her looking slightly haggard under his make-up. "Another Technical Adviser," he said disgustedly. "That makes about fifteen people behind the camera for every one of us in front."

Prunella nibbled delicately at a sandwich. She knew that Tristan was resenting the presence of a man slightly more handsome than himself. She could see the squadron-leader making outrageous statements to the continuity girl. Even Carmody was joining in the fun. "I think he's attractive," she said.

"Too damned attractive to be efficient." Tristan had been accustomed to the exclusive homage of the continuity girl.

Prunella bent over the thermos. As she straightened, a merry voice said softly, "Hallo there, Miss Gordon." She looked up swiftly. "I'm one of your fans," (*Continued on page 71*)

Illustrations by Frank Lea

Peter Treadwell gathered her swiftly into his arms. Carmody and Hastings made way for him. "We're going to see the swans," said the squadron-leader

Britain's overseas fortresses

by GUY LIVINGSTON

PIVOTS of peacetime trade and wartime strategy, the Commonwealth's little colonies stand strung out along the world's sea routes, mere pin-points on a small-scale map. Gibraltar, Malta, Singapore, Hongkong, they stretch from the Atlantic to the China Sea, a few square miles of island or semi-isolated mainland, a fine harbour, some guns, a garrison and perhaps an airfield. And when trouble is about they generally come in for their share of it. China boils up, so to-day it is (*Continued on page* 71)

The World In Her Lap

The Way Of Life Noreen Chose Was That For Her Own Happiness

By Monica Ewer

SHE stood the vase so that it should hide the stain on the wall. She arranged the roses loosely, trying to make them look plentiful and expensive, trying as usual to create an impression. She had bought the flowers three days ago for that little dinner to the man from the department store. He was hardly a man, he was merely a contact, someone who might place an order for the Dearing Electrical Fittings.

She had had to throw away half the roses and those that were left were a little blown, opening their hearts in one last generous gesture before they died.

Noreen Dearing sighed as she picked up half a dozen fallen petals. The contented twitter of birds in summer reproached her for being dissatisfied. She had thought that love would be enough, she had forgotten that two people couldn't live in isolation from the rest of the world, she hadn't realized the demands made on a man fighting his way.

Looking critically round the room she noticed that it no longer wore a shining morning face. It was clean and polished but the colours had dimmed. The room was only like everything else. You couldn't keep anything new for ever, a bright morning face didn't last till the afternoon.

Her hands fell idle, she stood very still, staring unseeingly at the houses across the road.

"I'll lay the world in your lap, my darling," Dan had said on that wonderful wedding day three years ago.

They had been so ignorant, so ambitious, so much in love. A time so happy one did not notice it passing, a radiance so blinding one could not see into the future. Surprising what a lot you could learn in three years.

If he wanted the world then she wanted it too. Only she hadn't realized what it would mean, how expensive it would prove. At first it had been fun helping Dan get a footing, holding the ladder while he climbed a rung, encouraging him to reach for the stars.

"You can do anything, Dan," she said in her ignorance.

"As long as I have you tagging along beside me."

"Together we're invincible."

He had laughed as he kissed her. "And what an asset, my beautiful, my clever, my charming wife."

It had sounded wonderful when he said it, she had accepted it, and now she could not back out of the implied bargain.

Dan had done well, nothing spectacular, but a steady ascent. Only sometimes she thought that the ladder must be the expanding type that you can make higher at will, and that someone else was manipulating the machinery. The stars still seemed a very long way off, and she had begun to think that there were pleasanter things than the world to hold in your lap. Occasionally she played with

HER hands fell idle, she stood very still, staring unseeingly at the houses across the road

the idea that a small human might be a good substitute, though of course the idea was absurd.

"We'll wait, my darling," Dan had said. "When the time comes I want to be able to give you both everything you deserve."

"You don't think——"

"I don't. Wrap your dreams in cellophane and we'll open the parcel when we get to the top."

She remembered and sighed and moved round the room, settling the furniture so that there should be a clear space in the middle of the floor. She stretched and pushed back the soft gold hair that fell untidily to her shoulders. When she was alone, relaxed like this, her face looked a shade pinched, her eyes too large, her skin too pale. She had lost weight and her pinafore frock no longer fitted. Occasionally her movements fumbled like the uncertain touch of a little girl astray in a grown-up world.

The phone shrilled in the narrow hall. It was Dan, and he sounded nervous and worried but that was nothing unusual.

"Noreen, about this cocktailery. I've asked the Blakes. He might be useful."

"Very well."

Some day, she thought, a little wildly, they might give a party for people who were utterly useless, but who happened to be their friends.

"Kevin Hamilton coming?"

Her fingers tightened their hold on the receiver. A derisive smile touched her lips. The question was unnecessary. Kevin Hamilton would be there in all his armour. Kevin Hamilton of the Hamilton tractors. If Dan could secure the contract to equip his factory with new electrical fittings they could relax.

"He's coming, Dan."

"Good. I think I've almost got him to the signing point. Everything under control your end?"

Yes—Oh yes—everything except her head and her will and her good sense.

"Everything under control," she echoed. "I'll cope."

"That's the girl."

She moved into the kitchen. Two extra. Reluctantly she added more gin to the cocktail and shook in the ice cubes. "Investment parties," Dan always called them, and said they paid for themselves in the long run, but in the short run they resulted in money being always tight.

She carried the tray with the shaker and the glasses into the sitting-room. She must go and change. Kevin Hamilton would be sure to be early. He always made a point of being first in the hope of catching her alone.

A nervous tremor shook her slight body. She had to catch at a chair for support. The scent of the roses seemed to weigh her down, and from somewhere along the road the throb of radio music plucked at her emotions. If only Kevin Hamilton could disappear out of their lives. For months now Kevin had been stringing Dan along. Noreen knew the reason.

"Can't think what he's playing at," Dan would grumble. "His factory's so dark he'd get the installation costs back in six months. Blows hot and cold. A business man ought to know his own mind."

"There are creatures who prefer the dark."

"I suppose we must have patience. Nothing to do but keep nursing him tenderly along."

Noreen held her tongue because she didn't know what would happen if she told Dan the truth. Three years ago she would have known, but to-day she was frightened. If Dan should have the wrong reaction then nothing much would matter any more.

And now she had put a foot wrong. She had been a fool. Kevin Hamilton wasn't the kind to let her forget it. He wouldn't scruple to take any advantage that came to hand.

She walked slowly upstairs. Queer to think that it was Dan himself who had unconsciously got her in this fix. She made a face at her own reflection in the mirror. She looked like an untidy school girl. All I need is a satchel full of exercise books, she thought. Now she had to transform herself into a woman of the world.

"You can't help looking beautiful," Dan said. "So all you have to do is to add a touch of sophistication. We don't want people to think we're a couple of kids."

She took a quick bath, she made up carefully, she brushed her hair till it shone and lay sleek against her head. She put on her long black frock. At her throat she fastened the heavy gold brooch that Dan had given her on their first anniversary.

"Victorian," he had said. "No one, my darling, can imagine that I bought it for you at Woolworth's."

"It's going to be my talisman. I'll never set out on any high endeavour

Illustrations by A. Bailey

NOREEN turned away quickly for fear there was anything to be read in her face

without my Victorian brooch, dear."

There had been so many days of high endeavour since and the brooch had gone along with her and on the whole it had proved a successful talisman, if you measure success by business achievement.

When she looked again in the mirror she was a grown-up person.

She heard the kitchen door slam to admit Milly who also owned a black frock and a muslin apron as well. For the first hour of the party Milly would open the door. All part of the process of keeping up appearances. So many little subterfuges, so many small deceits. It seemed that you couldn't get any place unless you gave the appearance of being there already.

From the sitting-room window Noreen saw Kevin Hamilton's car draw smoothly to the kerb. There was no pretence about Kevin. He was all that the big car implied. He dangled a small silver flower box from one finger.

"Gardenias." He held them towards her with a smile. "Orchids should only be worn after the sun has set."

She shook her head. "You shouldn't, Kevin." She looked at his smooth handsome face. Kevin never had to worry. You didn't have to climb if you started at the top. "I mean that. You shouldn't."

He opened the box and the gardenias lay in their waxy perfection on a bed of cotton wool. Like unborn children, she thought startled. He took them out carefully and held them against her shoulder, then undid her brooch and expertly fastened the flowers in place.

"That's better." He stepped back to look at her. "Both you and your flowers —lovely."

"Thank you." She tried to keep her voice light, tried (*Continued on page* 78)

Atlantic Crusoe

Chateau Menier built and sumptuously furnished by the "Chocolate King" Henri Menier, and from which he ruled over Anticosti Island

PAPER—its high price and rationing the cause of sick headaches for millions—may, nevertheless, soon prove a magic word to a few expectant hundreds. For paper's continued shortage shows promise of throwing open to world trade one of the sleepiest, strangest islands in the world. Though on the threshold of the New World, its meagre populace still wallows in a feudal archaism more than a century old.

Picture an island 135 miles long and 30 miles wide, lying across the sea lanes between Britain and Montreal, at the mouth of the mighty St. Lawrence River, its gaunt, inhospitable coastline rising to 700 feet. An island which has made history as a pirate's stronghold, a millionaire's social experiment, an attempted pulpwood empire, and, for the handful of exploring sport-lovers who have penetrated inland, a sportsman's paradise. Maintained throughout its history as undivided private property, Anticosti was for thirty years the exclusive fishing preserve and hunting ground of one man. Even now, though under different ownership, the island's laws remain substantially identical with those framed by its early French owner.

They might indeed have come out of the decalogue of the Pilgrim Fathers. Only by special sanction may any inhabitant own boat or car, or acquire the gun, traps, snares or nets with which to hunt or fish. Although there are wild animals in plenty, islanders are forbidden to molest or capture bird or beast. Dogs, considered potentially harmful to wild and domestic animals, are not allowed in the island on any pretext. Only with express permission may anyone lodge strangers; this is to discourage unauthorized entry. All alcohol other than mild ale is taboo. It is prohibited to change one's job on pain of deportation. Two old cars serve the needs of the whole population—a few hundreds; and like these, any other cars permitted temporary entrée to the twelve miles of dirt road in this island of consummate stillness must be fitted with silencers.

The history of this timeless island reads like a Dumas novel. It was granted to Louis Joliet in 1680, and was held by him throughout the French period of North American history. In 1763 it was annexed to Newfoundland, only to be re-annexed to Canada under the province of Quebec. For nearly 200 years since its initial private occupation the island remained un-

(*On right*) So clear is the water in Thirty-Five Mile Pool on the Jupiter River that the canoe seems suspended in space

The Grand Canyon, below the Vaureal Falls, which are higher than Niagara. There is great scenic beauty inside Anticosti Island and good sport

Island

Maintained Throughout Its History As Undivided Private Property, Anticosti Island Was For Thirty Years The Exclusive Fishing Preserve And Hunting Ground Of One Man

By Martin Thornhill

(Above) Using the log cabins scattered over the island, surveyors are busy again, assessing Anticosti's pulpwood prospects

(*On left*) The Anticosti "convertible." In winter the wheels are exchanged for runners to carry folk across the ice and snow

(*Below*) Still in use is the one-car petrol-driven train which Henri Menier built to carry his guests from pier-head to shore

developed; then in 1874 the Anticosti Island Company was formed by members of a Quebec family named Forsyth. Twice within twenty-one years the Forsyths made fruitless attempts to colonize the territory with settlers from Newfoundland. In desperation they sold the island to Henri Menier, a wealthy French chocolate maker, for some £25,000.

Menier lavished money to develop the island's resources, directing operations from his glittering "Chateau Menier," an oasis of luxury in a world of feudal Spartanism, sumptuously furnished direct from France and adorned with antiques from the world over. For the first time in its history Anticosti began to prosper. Then Henri died, his ambition still unfulfilled. In 1926, when the Anticosti Corporation, formed from a group of pulp and paper companies, purchased the island for about £1,300,000, there followed another brief boom which boosted the population to 4,000. But, hit by over-production elsewhere, the Corporation had to suspend operations, a fate from which it has never recovered.

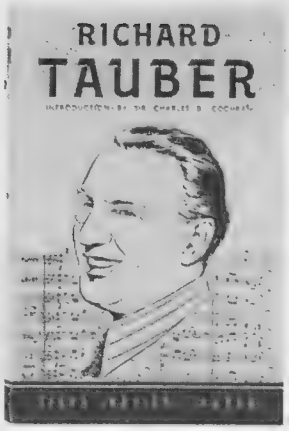
A pathetic sight meets the visitor touring to-day the once active scene. At Baie Ste. Claire, under Henri Menier, there were a picturesque village, church, school, hospital, farms, a sawmill and a rising trade in fish and fur. Now the whole place is crumbling to dust—a deserted community, the farm buildings abandoned and overgrown. Port Menier is in little better plight. Depopulation has made it a quiet, lonely place, where nothing now disturbs the solitude save the excitement of the fortnightly mail steamers, the occasional raid of a fur poacher from across the channel, the buzz of the half-cock (*Continued on page* 64)

(*On left*) Fishing in the Twenty-Two Mile Pool on the Jupiter River. The rivers on Anticosti Island are rich with trout and salmon

Books:

Reviewed by

Trevor Allen



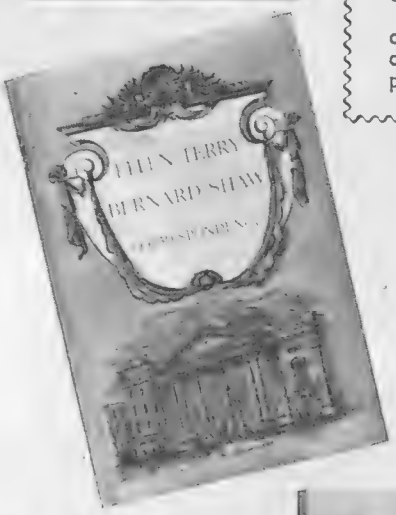
"I MARRY? Nonsense!" Richard Tauber had told reporters. "I've specially engaged two strong men to hit me over the head with a soda water bottle if ever I were to contemplate marriage again. Don't you know, boys, my best-known song is 'I'll never believe in a woman again?'" Which wasn't true, because his best-known became "You are my heart's delight."

Having met Diana Napier at a reception following the première of *Mimi* in which she appeared . . . well, soon he was making her a present of two canaries in a cage, smilingly pointing at the happy pair, and . . . proposing. She married this funny, flamboyant "grown-up child," and since she was virtually tone-deaf he offered her and his accompanist, Percy Kahn, £50 each if she could learn to sing "Vienna, City of Dreams." They practised for hours. Finally Richard rushed in, crying: "I'll give you the money if you stop singing! Please, have mercy on me!" But it was a wonderful romance, all the same, and now Diana Napier-Tauber has written a vivid biography—"Richard Tauber" (Art and Educational, 15s.)—which all Tauber fans will enjoy.

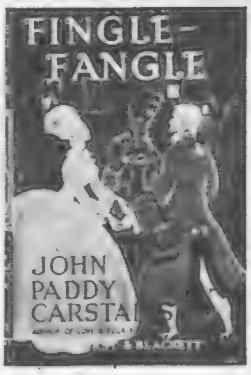
THERE must have been a touch of de Rougemont about Yorkshire Squire Waterton of Walton Hall, who went to British Guiana to manage family plantations, then explored the unknown interior by canoe, partly in quest of the native curare poison. He claimed to have knocked out a boa constrictor with a punch on the jaw, ridden a crocodile, tested the effect of curare on a donkey, then revived it with bellows. He certainly married in a Bruges convent church at 4 a.m. and spent his honeymoon showing his bride stuffed animals. In a study which is a treasure of quaint lore—"The Strange Life of Charles Waterton" (Evans, 12s. 6d.)—Richard Aldington says credulity was one of his characteristics; if it is not ours we may still find the book deliciously diverting.

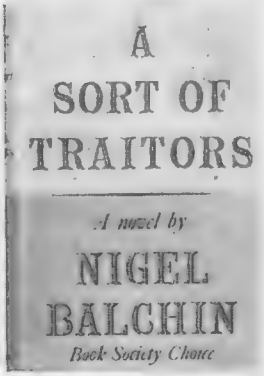
VICARS BELL, schoolmaster of a Chiltern village, has delved into parish, county and other records, old books, the memories of ancient inhabitants, and recorded its story from earliest times in "Little Gaddesden" (Faber 12s. 6d.). Since it takes in Ashridge house and the Bridgewater family—including the Duke who impoverished himself building a £220,000 canal—there is enough interesting material to make it, as foreworder Arthur Bryant suggests, "in microcosm, the history of England."

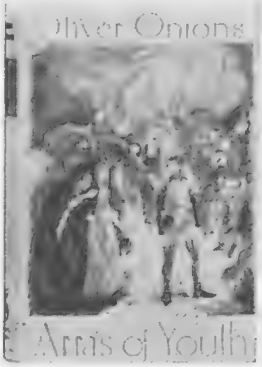
THE story of just one Devon farm of 300 acres, bought by her husband after County Agricultural Committee training, suffices Tina Spencer Knott in "Fools Rush In . . . " (Hammond, 10s. 6d.). They began as amateurs; lack of capital is still their chief bogey; but they're making good, thanks partly to a lively sense of humour which enabled them to face troubles cheerfully and lends gaiety to a frank how-we-stuck-it record.



THE letters of "Ellen Terry and Bernard Shaw," edited by Christopher St. John and first published in 1931, not only covered theatre topics for thirty years from 1892 onwards, but were an ardently platonic love story, with a long preface brilliantly G. B. S. A new edition (Reinhardt and Evans, 18s.), reset in clear type on good paper, with excellent photographs, will please all who admire these two rare personalities of the theatre.







JOHN BROPHY takes a troubled Palestine for background, with the blowing-up of the King David H.Q. for climax, in "Julian's Way" (Collins, 10s. 6d.). His characters include an army major in love with a Jewish girl, a Jewish Haifa merchant, a captain wrongly accused of drug-smuggling who won't defend himself, a sadistic "crazy-pierrot" subaltern, a baronet who lives in a hermit-cave, and a spinster busybody who has lived there thirty-six years. With these he weaves a story spiritually and dramatically significant. In an anatomically bold sex-scene he refers to his heroine's "haunches," a word I would apply to cattle, not women: the one jarring note in an engrossing novel.

A GROUP of research scientists is about to publish data likely to save half a million deaths a year from diseases like bubonic plague. The Government bans publication, fearing that it might assist an enemy in a future bacteriological war. The varied ways in which they react is Nigel Balchin's theme in "A Sort of Traitors" (Collins, 9s. 6d.), pointed by a triangle love-conflict: an expert story of the problems of scientists, in the vein of *The Small Back Room.*

JOHNNY in Max Catto's "The Flanagan Boy" (Harrap, 8s. 6d.) is a boxer who first hates the U.S. wife of his promotor, Giuseppe, then becomes so infatuated with her that he drowns the husband in a lake and ends his own life: a novel of primitive emotional tension with vivid boxing booth scenes.

(*Continued on page* 68)

The Riddle Of Wilde

THERE seems to be no ready solution of the Wilde enigma. Henley called him a "sketch of a great man," Charles Ricketts the "largest type" in intellect and humanity: "Other great men in my time were great in some one thing, not large in their very texture." Arthur Symons contended that his attitudes rather than his achievements were important. In **"The Paradox of Oscar Wilde"** (Boardman, 15s.) George Woodcock admits the paradox in the man as well as the wit. He was a greater personality than a writer, greater in intentions than attainments, but "in these intentions we can see the real quality of his genius, purged of all the follies and weaknessses into which he fell in his daily life." His importance was essentially that of a forerunner breaking down obstacles and straightening the path others must tread. He was "a more earnest man than he or others believed . . . sincere in almost everything he did."

We may not agree with all Mr. Woodcock's conclusions, but cogently, patiently he argues the pros and cons of Wilde's life, work and character in a tastefully produced book.

All That Glitters

ALL that glitters is certainly not gold in these days of clever costume jewellery. But that need not make accessory jewellery any the less decorative or effective if it is worn correctly. Costume jewellery is the natural complement of clothes and should be worn not for its own sake but with an eye for the total effect.

Jewellery added as an afterthought and not conceived as part of the clothes themselves is a sheer waste, whether it is the real thing, or a fetching substitute.

As with clothes, the flare for wearing jewellery is a gift, but if you were born without it a few rules of thumb will help.

Jewellery, first and foremost, must be chosen to suit the person as well as the personality. Petite women cannot wear the chunky, eye-catching stuff which suits the Junoesque. Alternatively, small delicate pieces are completely lost on the tall woman. Large shapely hands with long fingers worth calling attention to are worthy of the biggest rings obtainable—large topaz, jade and semi-precious rings can cost less than small diamond ones, if that is the worry. Short necks should be flattered by the elegant lines of a long, knotted necklace while swan necks can be adorned with many stranded chokers.

COSTUME jewellery should be considered as much part of the outfit as the buttons or the dressmaker's trimming. See the jewellery as a dress decoration rather than a personal adornment and there is smaller chance of making a mistake. Let the lines of the dress suggest their own jewellery accompaniment. A yoke line might call for scatter pins, a high neckline for a choker necklace. Go one further and weld the jewels into the costume by putting the necklace under a stand-up collar, by clasping bracelets over gloves or outside the wrist of a tight-fitting sleeve. If the jewellery is seen as a dress trimming, the obvious faults of wearing unsuitable jewellery will never be committed.

Always err on the side of restraint. When in doubt, underplay the jewellery. True, some ensembles worn by some people can be improved by a battery of ear-rings, necklaces and clips, but make quite sure yours is the outfit, yours is the type and yours is the self-confidence to carry it off, before trying it out yourself.

Generally speaking, one piece of jewellery of good and pleasing design is more effective than several pieces each contending against the other for attention. A simple dress or suit can be partied up with jewellery for special occasions but again the lily cannot be gilded successfully without regard for the total effect. If you have some good or amusing jewellery to wear, choose a dress of simple basic design that will act as the perfect foil and do not steal your own thunder with flowers and trimmings which will detract from the beauty of the pieces themselves.

DREAMS cost nothing, so dream a little and suppose that you were to wake one morning and find yourself in the happy position that money was no object and you could take your choice of all those comforts of living which, alas, are only dreams to most of us. To give the dream reality let your fancy roam among the real, the practical things you could have if only. . . .

For my own part, and probably for yours, the dream would begin with a house. A small house, it must be, for convenience sake, but spaciously proportioned. For me, that means Georgian miniature in one of the secluded quarters of London which are so lovely and, alas, so costly.

I should have double windows against noise and a subscription to all good and vigorous societies working to abate the nuisance of noise and smoke. My house should have easy-to-run central heating *as well* as open fires where apple wood and pine logs would give the pleasure and fragrance of dancing flames in winter.

From end to end of the house there are fitted carpets, except for "usual offices" where there shall be tiles on walls, ceilings and floors.

Another comfort I dream of is a clothes' closet. This is a small, well lit room big enough to give clothes round the walls all the elbow room they need under sliding, "disappearing" panels, of slatted cedar wood on the simple model of a Japanese jewel casket.

Every wall in the house, except the tiled ones, are rough-plaster white—a good, unobtrusive background for the lovely old furniture pieces which mingle the essential comfort of modern upholstered chairs and settees. If the beds are old in style, the springs and mattress must be modern, the plumpest and best-sprung to be found. I might even indulge a bed I have seen somewhere upon which upholstered arms let down from the padded headboard converting my nightly couch into a luxurious armchair for sitting up to read or take breakfast in bed.

My fortune and influence being limitless in this dream and beautiful things being the comfort they are, only the master painters' works shall decorate my walls. As even in a dream it seems improbable that such luxury will ever come to pass, I shall console myself with reproductions almost indistinguishable from the original which are now made by a new process. There are few of these pictures at present but existing specimens are impressive to the best artistic judgment.

Lighting is one of the things that can soothe, exhilarate, depress or irritate. It depends on what you have and where you have it placed. Everywhere except the

Dream of Comfort

By Barbara Vise

kitchen—where one needs something rather searching—lighting shall be cunningly concealed in my home and strengthened by standard and reading-lamps for any direct spot-lighting necessary for reading or writing. For my dressing-table mirror, come what may, I must have lighting from the edges that tells the truth!

Apart for reading and working, I would have a study—there is great comfort in having things for a special purpose; and for reading I would have a very comfortable divan, with bookcases near at hand. It is a sad thing that one must sit up to a typewriter!

FOR my own privacy and theirs—and to throw away the responsibility of *keeping* this dream clean and comfortable—I would have a man and wife living in a separate cottage within call to look after my dream house. All the modern equipment they want is theirs for the asking: the most efficient vacuum cleaner and attachments; refrigerators, and the sort of kitchen that shows up at so many exhibitions in all its perfections. In fact, a kitchen that is the nucleus of every practical woman's dreams of home.

If my man and wife domestics could not be found, I have another plan, equally pleasing and equally dreamlike. This is a double-shift service—in fact, two domestics who work a shuttle service giving me help when I most need it and the freedom and privacy of my own house when chores are done.

If domestics could not be found—and no one wants a dream to be too removed from reality—I would invest in an electric housemaid. It sounds like a fable, it sounds like something incredible from the *Arabian Nights' Entertainment*, but there is a genuine piece of modern equipment that works its own electric magic in almost a thousand-and-one ambitious labour-saving ways. I should have one of these in my perfect kitchen. Like the best magicians, it comes to you looking as if it had nothing hidden up its sleeve—just a smart and practical kitchen cabinet suggesting none of its secrets. You open it, and there is a nozzle. This is its contact with a rotary machine, the mainspring of its all-round usefulness. Into this nozzle you can fit a number of attachments—as you open the door of the cabinet cupboard in which they are kept, there seem to be about half-a-hundred or more of them—and, according to which you choose, the electric housemaid will clean shoes, peel potatoes, mince meat, juice fruit, stir liquids, scour pots, polish silver, turning the apt gadget round and round so that you do none of the work bar holding things in position.

That is not the end of its performance. You can fit a tube to the nozzle to lengthen its possibilities and effectiveness. You can fit on its vibro appliances and use it for beauty massage. If your knives aren't sharp enough, you can give them an edge as keen as wit with it.

HOUSE decoration is expensive still, and as the rich are often thrifty enough to want to save money, I should be delighted to have my "housemaid" spray paint efficiently and save my new fortune in that way. And for the handy-man about the house, it will turn a screw and drive a drill.

What more can one ask? Perhaps only what the makers have already thought of: when I first heard of it, they were already planning to give it a bit more work to do—with the laundry on washday and with the washing-up throughout the day, every day. By the time you read this, they will probably have turned that part of their helpful vision into reality. So you see that this kitchen cabinet contains not just a dream of comfort, but a whole domestic staff of well-trained, efficient workers!

Above : The pair of houses built by Radiation Ltd. for the final try-out of the two systems of forced warm air heating. Below : One of the kitchens, which contains all the latest domestic equipment, including an extraction plant to remove odours of cooking.

IT'S ALL

HOT air in this connection is not a glancing reference to a temperamental cook, but the latest contribution to the problems of house-heating. Experts have offered us in the past the choice of open fires, slow-combustion stoves and convection heaters. Now as the last refinement comes the forced warm-air system of heating recently perfected by Radiation Ltd.

The forced warm-air system represents a revolution in heating methods, for the house is not heated directly by radiation but by means of a gentle current of warm-air which is circulated throughout the house. What this means in increased comfort and reduction of labour is nothing short of a housewife's dream, for not only are

Above : The largest bedroom. The warm air ducts for heating are seen under each window. Above left : The combined dining-living-room in the gas-operated house. The spacious proportions of this room are achieved by opening up the complete ground floor area except for the kitchen, the wall of which is seen left. Warm air ducts are below the built-in seat.

HOT AIR

there no grates to clean, but the air is filtered before it is ducted into each room so that the atmosphere is virtually dust-free.

The basic principle of the forced warm-air system of house-heating is that air is drawn in from outside, filtered and heated by means of either a gas or solid-fuel furnace and then ducted into every room of the house. The temperature of each room is regulated separately by means of thermostatic hand switches, and in the case of the gas-heating unit the setting of the switches is literally all the labour involved.

In the case of the solid-fuel heating unit, the furnace has to be banked up once a day and the ash has to be removed, but as the fuel utilisation is high, this need be done only once every two or three days.

The efficiency of this system of heating does, of course, depend on adequate insulation of the whole house. Ideally, the system should be installed in new houses built to the Egerton standard of insulation, when the cost of installation will not be excessively high, compared with other methods of heating.

As far as existing houses are concerned, the problem of adequate insulation often makes the complete house-warming system impractical. In many cases, however, it is an easy matter to install a modified arrangement.

The forced warm-air system represents not only a revolution in house-heating but in house-planning, too. Arthur Kenyon, the architect of these experimental houses, has shown what can be done with even a very moderately-sized house. In each house, the ground-floor area, apart from the kitchen, is left open as a single living space.

The absence of cold areas and freedom from draughts makes it possible to include the staircase as part of the living-room, and as well as providing an interesting decorative feature, increases the actual living-space. Upstairs, the provision of complete house-heating means that bedrooms can be comfortably occupied at any time of the day and the principle of study-bedrooms for the younger members of the family is a practical reality.

Left : Another view of the living-room in the gas-operated house, showing the small cupboard beside the stairs in which the complete house-heating gas unit is housed. Right : The solid-fuel heater in the kitchen of the second house which provides domestic hot water as well as space heating. The whole unit is well insulated so that no direct heat is given off into the kitchen.

MATERIALS REQUIRED : 6 ozs. Copley's "Excelsior" 2-ply in white ; 1 pair No. 14 and No. 8 needles ; 1 crochet hook, No. 15 ; 2 buttons ; shoulder-pads.

A Larger Fitting

MEASUREMENT

38 to 40-in. bust.

TENSION

7½ sts. to 1 in. and 9 rows to 1 in. approx.

BACK

With No. 14 needles, cast on 136 sts. Work in rib 3½ ins. (58 rows) as follows :

1st row.—K. 1, * k. 1, p. 1, repeat from * to end, k. last st.

2nd row.—K. 1, * k. 1, p. 1 (k. into back of k. sts. to give a twisted effect), repeat from * to end, k. last st. End with right side facing (twisted side). Inc. to 140 sts. in next row as follows : inc. in the 17th st. and every following 34th st. to end. Change to No. 8 needles and work in stocking st. (k. 1 row, p. 1 row) and k. into back of sts. in k. rows, increasing 1 st. at beg. and end of 9th row and every following 8th row until there are 152 sts. and 9 ins. (78 rows), or desired length. End p. row.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows ; 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows ; 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. at beg. of next 6 rows (124 sts.). Work until 27 rows from beg. of armhole. End p. row. Make darts.

K. 44, k. 2 tog., k. 32, k. 2 tog., k. 44 (work 5 rows). Divide for neck opening as follows :

K. 44, k. 2 tog., k. 30, k. 2 tog., k. 44. Next row : p. 60, then with a second ball of wool p. to end, so working both sides at the same time. Work 4 rows. End p. row.

K. 44, k. 2 tog., k. 14; with second ball, k. 14, k. 2 tog., k. 44. Work 5 rows. K. 44, k. 2 tog., k. 13, with second ball, k. 13, k. 2 tog., k. 44. Work 5 rows. K. 44, k. 2 tog., k. 12, with second ball, k. 12, k. 2 tog., k. 44. Work 5 rows. K. 44, k. 2 tog., k. 11, with second ball, k. 11, k. 2 tog., k. 44. Work 5 rows. End p. row.

SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 13 sts., k. 30, k. 2 tog., k. 10, with second ball k. 10, k. 2 tog., k. 44. Cast off 13 sts. at beg. of next 5 rows (at shoulder edge), remembering to use two balls. Cast off remainder.

(*Continued on page* 61)

Easy To Make Bed Cape

MEASUREMENTS

From top of shoulder to lower edge, 19 ins. ; all round lower edge, 62 ins. ; bust, 34 to 36 ins. Tension, 9 sts. to 2 ins.

With No. 7 needles cast on 280 sts. and k. 12 rows plain knitting.

Next row.—K. 12, * k. 2, m. 1, k. 2 tog. Repeat from * to last 12 sts. k. 12.

2nd, 3rd and 4th rows.—Knit.

These 4 rows form pattern. Continue in pattern for 14 ins.

YOKE

Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 6 rows.

1st decrease.—Rib 6, rib. 3 tog., * rib 9, rib 3 tog. to end of row. End rib 6. Rib 6 rows.

2nd decrease.—Rib 5, rib 3 tog., * rib 8, rib 3 tog. Repeat from * ending rib 5. Rib 6 rows.

3rd decrease.—Rib 4, rib 3 tog., * rib 7, rib 3 tog. Repeat from * ending rib 4. Rib 6 rows.

4th decrease.—Rib 3, rib 3 tog., * rib 6, rib 3 tog., repeat from * ending rib 3. Rib 4 rows.

Next row.—Rib 2, m. 1, k. 2 tog., * rib 5, m. 1, k. 2 tog., repeat from * to end of row. Rib 1 row. Change to No. 9 needles and rib 12 rows. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth on wrong side of work. Run ribbon through holes at neck.

MATERIALS REQUIRED : 5 ozs. "Target Campanula," 3-ply ; 1 pair of No. 7 and No. 9 knitting needles ; 1½ yards ribbon.

The Jersey Season

Wool jersey, that most good-natured of materials, as well disposed to tailor as it is ready to drape into softer lines, is a first favourite for autumn wear. If either of the jersey dresses sketched particularly appeals to you, send a stamped envelope to the Women's Department, "Britannia and Eve," 1, New Oxford Street, and we will tell you where to buy it.

Wolsey's jersey, left, has a stitched collar and pockets. £5 7s. 2d. The Jersey de Luxe model, right, in coffee brown, is a button-through style with draped breast pockets. Approx. £13.

A wine red jumper suit by Jersey de Luxe has a draped collar and deep front pleats. Costs approximately £14 9s. Bery's nigger-brown jersey, centre, has a full centre pleat in front and large hip pockets with three rows of stitching. Approximately £13. A tailored grey jersey by Blanes, right, with deep, unpressed box pleats, a yellow cravat and yellow strapping on the wide belt. £5 12s. 2d.

The Restful Colours

MOST of us react to given colours with a feeling of pleasurable inward harmony. In the bedroom it is especially important that there should be nothing to jar the senses when one is in that somnolent mood which comes at the beginning and the end of the day.

Plans for bedroom colour schemes bring the restful colours to mind. Those colours and shades of colour which are pleasant and yet not intrusive. But what are they? Is it essential to use pastels and muted tones, or can stimulant colours be used without sacrificing the effect most conducive to relaxation?

Sharp accents of strong colour have a tonic effect upon a pastel scheme, but they should be used in small quantities. A bright piping to a bed-cover, a narrow border to pastel-coloured curtains is sufficient for stimulus without disturbing the quiet restfulness of the whole effect.

Muted colours without relief can lack vitality, but these accents of a more virile colouring have a tonic quality.

For backgrounds use dimmer shades of pink, pastel green, grey (not the sharper tints) and the whole range of pastel blues which verge upon mauve. White is restful when softened with a hint of pink or yellow. Yellow is also good when the shriller note is softened with a mixture of white. Here is a series of bedroom schemes carried out in restful but interesting combinations of colour. Which is your choice?

Two lovely patchwork quilts, a gay conglomeration of coloured silks and velvets provide the motif for this scheme above. As with all good patchwork designs the colours are cleverly blended, though the effect is essentially bright. To point the effect of this gay colouring the quilts are used against a background of petal pink. The ceiling is tinted darker than the walls, and the fitted carpet is a still darker shade of rose. This shaded one-colour background links itself with the bed-covers in a pleasing and restful harmony.

Above : Lavender grey walls as a background to curtains and bed-covers of maroon and pastel green. The sharpness of grey is softened by the lavender tone, and the warmth of maroon softens the green in the fabric. A soothing colour scheme, yet one to impart character to simple furnishings. To soften the effect of sheer white, the walls of this bedroom (right) are delicately tinted with pink. An entrancing drape above the bedhead is of cream frilled muslin, and the chintz coverings are cream with flower sprays of shaded pink and green.

Above right : Primrose yellow and cream combine to make a restful bedroom scheme. Walls and woodwork are pale primrose. The quilted bed-cover is cream, with a pale yellow motif, and cream rugs are strewn on the polished floor.

Right : Grey, yellow and white come together in a feminine bedroom scheme. A pastel grey wallpaper is scattered with pale yellow flowers. Curtains and pelmet are yellow, which is thrown into relief by white net which is draped behind it and about the dressing-table.

Coloured Covers

IF a bedroom colour scheme is carried to its logical conclusion, coloured blankets are indispensable. After a long absence these pleasant stimulants to colour and warmth are in the shops again. Moderna blankets, well known before the war, are back in a new colour range—ten in all. As the nucleus of any of the schemes suggested here one might choose from honey-gold, alternative shades of pink, a pale or a deep coral, as well as pastel greens and blues. Additional virtues are that the blankets are fadeless and manufactured of pure lambswool, a luxury as vital to comfort as their pretty colouring is pleasing to the eye.

In Search of Glamour

If practice makes perfect I should by this time command a very high price as a professional packer. During the course of the last three weeks I must have packed and unpacked very nearly forty times. As a trained husband-packer, I have learnt after much trial and error that the only practical way to pack a man's jacket is to do it inside-out—in fact, the good old Army way—and that the folded tissue paper is worthwhile when packing the trousers, because it definitely prevents the knee-crease, when they are unpacked. Although I start off with tissue paper in the sleeves of my dress, I must confess I give it up after the third packing, and honestly I do not think there is any noticeable increase in creases, although I am perfectly certain that Eleanor will not agree with me when she takes over the last grand unpacking on our return.

Jane Gordon

ROME

WE are halfway through our motor tour, and so far it has been quite delightful. We spent two days in Paris, and I have never seen so many pretty women in my life. One evening we went to a very large cocktail party, and on another to a special gala dinner at Maxim's. None of the Parisian women were wearing the wildly exaggerated models shown in our specialised fashion magazines. At the cocktail party all the women, even the young girls, wore black afternoon dresses—most of them with full skirts and many with a folded shoulder-line.

Some were cut with a deep V, and others with a heart-shaped décolletage. The hats were very large and, most of them, trimmed with flowers, but no veiling was worn in the daytime. In the evening, however, a great many women wore veils sprinkled with sequins which covered the hair and the face. Another evening fashion is a head-dress made of plumes, ospreys, bird-of-paradise or ostrich feathers. This is very reminiscent of the Edward VII. period. Needless to say, these are not worn with a short hair-cut; the hair is piled high on top of the head. When women wear evening dress in Paris, they really *do* dress up. Their skirts must take at least 30 or 40 yards of material; and the topless bodices are often cut with a winged décolletage. One of the prettiest dresses was a Jacques (Fath) with a winged topless bodice all beaded in silver and yards of black tulle used for the skirt. Marlene Dietrich joined our party, and her full-skirted dress was all black. On her head she wore a tiny black net cap, and her hair was swept back and arranged in an enormous coiled bun at the nape of her neck.

A few days later we were lunching at the Villa d'Este, on Lake Como, and here the fashions were as mixed as a Russian salad. Pretty girls (*Continued on page* 61)

McKERROW

Seen in Passing

This month Valerie Burke gives news of the latest equipment which can bring comfort and luxury to both electric- and gas-run houses this winter

THE ELECTRIC HOUSE

This autumn brings a good range of moderately priced drying cabinets and airers. Housewives who are tackling heavy household laundry will be also glad to know that their home laundry equipment can now be completed by one of the electric rotary ironers which costs about £18 15s. 0d. plus purchase tax. By this method the clothes are fed into automatic rollers. An automatic floor polisher at below £20 is yet another piece of electrical equipment designed to take the drudgery out of housework.

Illustrated (left) are luxury items to add to life's comforts. The electric coffee percolator costs 6 gns. and the Mighty Midget radio set £6 19s. 9d.

The toaster, fitted with an automatic timing device, costs 4 gns. ; the Electrajug, a versatile appliance for the sideboard, £2 14s.

THE GAS HOUSE

The latest gas equipment shows greatly increased efficiency and improvement in design.

The Ascot water heater and the room heater sketched right show the beautiful streamlining of the latest gas appliances. The Ascot water heater is enclosed in an airtight casing so that all fumes, etc., are discharged directly to the open air, and is therefore suitable in many cases of conversions. Price approximately £16.

The Sapphire heater is a useful background convection heater for hall and living-rooms. Price approximately £15-£16.

Useful for the bachelor establishment is the Breakfast Cooker photographed. Price £10 17s. 6d.

Another handy breakfast gadget is the "Hert" toaster which can be popped on to any gas burner or ring. Price 5s. 6d.

If you would like further details of any item mentioned, please write, enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope to The Editor, Women's Section, "Britannia and Eve," 1 New Oxford St., London, W.C.1

THIS is a lesson in the basic principles of skin care and is intended only for those who find themselves at a loss before the array of oils, creams and lotions on the cosmetic counter.

Beauty preparations must be chosen with discretion and with regard for individual requirements. If you do not feel able to choose the right ones for yourself, consult a beauty expert. Buy the very best products your purse will allow and if possible keep to the same make for all the things you may need because every house makes its whole range of preparations to blend and balance each other.

First the preparations for the daily beauty routine, based on the three principles of cleansing, nourishing and stimulation.

CLEANSING PREPARATIONS

There are two types of preparations to choose from. *Cleansing creams* are soft liquefying creams which free the skin from dust and grime and remove make-up. Particularly suitable for dry skins and for use last thing at night on all types of skins. *Cleansing milks and lotions* act in a similar way, but as they are lighter in texture, they are particularly suitable for oily skins. Liquid cleansers are convenient as quick cleansers for all types of skin as they remove old make-up rapidly and thoroughly leaving the skin ready for the new.

NOURISHING CREAMS

Nourishing creams, often called *skinfoods*, are heavy creams designed to feed the skin, replace the natural oils and smooth lines and wrinkles. They should be used at night and massaged into the skin with the correct facial movements. If you would like directions for facial massage, write to me and I shall be pleased to send them. There are several varieties of nourishing creams, ranging from a light type suitable for young, firm skins, to a heavier type recommended for the dry skin which wrinkles easily.

STIMULANTS

Stimulants vary in strength from the mildest ones recommended for the dry sensitive skin, to the more astringent forms suitable for coarser, oilier skins. They should be applied to the skin after massage with a nourishing cream, particularly in cases of relaxed and open-pored skins. Apply on a pad of cotton wool which has been wrung out in cold water.

MAKE-UP

When choosing make-up remember that *powder* should be no more than one shade darker than the natural complexion tint; *lipstick* should tone with the colour of the clothes and *lipstick* and *rouge* should be in exactly the same shade.

Make-up Foundations, however, should be most carefully chosen. There are three types, the *liquid foundation* for the oily skin, *cream foundation* for the dry skin and the *pan-cake type* for the coarser skin which needs a little extra finish.

Deep Depression

EVEN the most cheerful and even-tempered of us are liable to an occasional fit of the blues. Of late some of us are finding that depression is a more than occasional burden. Apart from anxiety which springs from real causes, too many are familiar with the feeling of frustration and depression that descends like a bolt from the blue for no good reason. It is not a happy state of mind, either for the victim or for those around her, and the sooner it is over the better.

Unfortunately, this depressive feeling is accompanied by a lethargy which prevents one doing something about it. That is a symptom in itself, so do try to detach yourself from the view that life is really not worth while. This jaundiced view is only a temporary one.

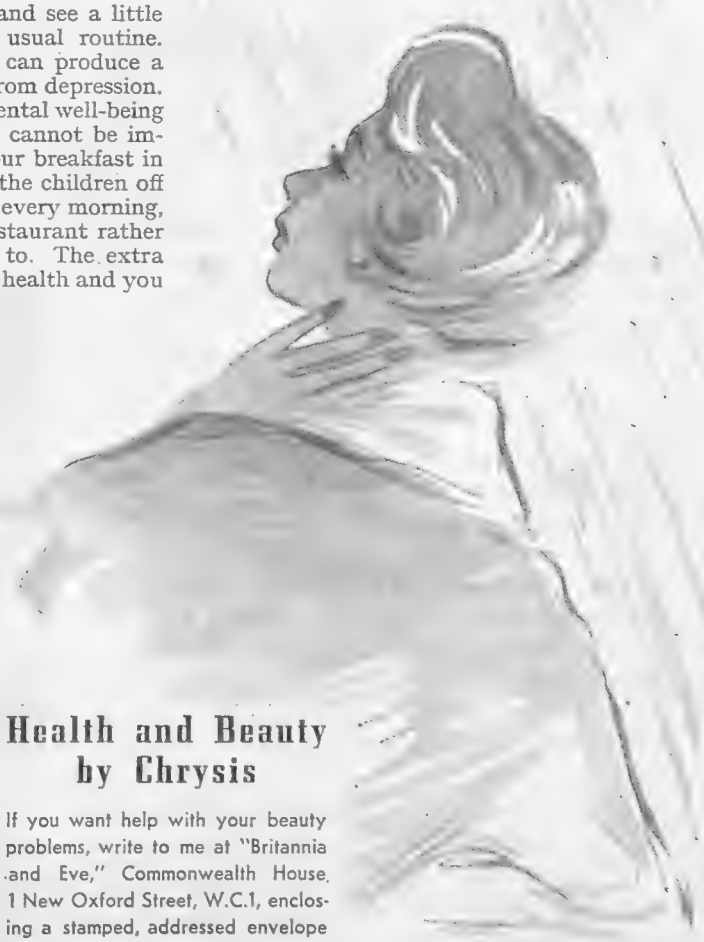
If you are given to fits of the blues, look for symptoms of some physical upset which might be causing them. Irritability is a well-known symptom of constipation and indigestion in children, so why shouldn't it be so in your case, too? A mild degree of anaemia brings a feeling of lassitude and excessive fatigue which might be at the root of the depression. If you have been overworking, let up for a little while.

Even if you cannot find any real evidence of poor health—and very probably you will not—take a course of iron tonic just to be on the safe side. It will do no harm and will clear up a mild degree of anaemia which may be there without your being aware of it. Anyway, the act of doing something will itself most probably set you one step upwards, out of the slough of despond.

Don't be a Spartan and treat the depression as if it didn't exist. It is there all right, as real as a cold in the head and twice as unpleasant. Find a sympathetic ear to pour your troubles into. Talking about worrries puts them into a new perspective while bottling them up makes them breed like rabbits.

However lethargic you are feeling, get out and see a little of the world outside that bounded by your usual routine. The daily round at the office or in the home can produce a sense of monotony that is only one step away from depression.

Pamper yourself a little for the time being. Mental well-being is so closely linked with the physical that one cannot be improved without improving the other. Have your breakfast in bed for a week and trust your husband to see the children off to school. Or if you catch the implacable 8.45 every morning, treat yourself to luncheons for a week at a restaurant rather more expensive than the one you usually go to. The extra rest and the extra food will be an investment in health and you will gain from it both mentally and physically.



Be Your Own Barber

THERE is no substitute for a professional haircut and good cutting is probably the most important part of the routine care of the hair.

Not everyone, however, has easy access to a good hairdresser and home trimming is sometimes necessary to eke out the occasional visits to the salon. For these occasional home trims, a razor cutter which has just been introduced on to the British market from America, eliminates many of the dangers that beset the amateur hairdresser.

The razor cut has long been recognized as the best method of trimming the hair for it does not cut the hair with a hard, unnatural line, but shapes it gently to the head and encourages any natural tendency to curl.

The Taperette operates on the same principle as that used in all the best hairdressing salons. It is rather like a dressing comb to use and just as simple and safe, for the razor cutting edge is encased in a comb-like case which protects the hair from too drastic cutting. It is particularly useful for thinning out the hair, for tapering off split and damaged ends and the last remnants of an old perm.

Health and Beauty by Chrysis

If you want help with your beauty problems, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope

Home

WE all vary in the uses to which we put our extra sugar, but now that jam is plentiful and unrationed, and sweets are short, many may like to use some of the sugar in home made sweets. Some are deterred from sweet-making by the more tricky recipes which involve a thermometer or other means of testing heat. Delicious sweets, however, can be made with no cooking at all. Fondant, which is the base for three-quarters of confectioner's sweets, is our basic recipe.

UNBOILED FONDANT

Ingredients: 1 lb. icing sugar; teaspoonful lemon juice; 1 egg white or 1 tablespoon substitute (see below); ½ teaspoonful cream of tartar.

Egg white substitute:

Dissolve ½ oz. gelatine in ¼ pint of hot water. When cool use in the same way as egg white. The proportion of gelatine may vary slightly according to type of gelatine used—1 table-

How to Fillet a Fish

FILLETING fish is one of those things which can waste much time and give unsatisfactory results unless done in the right way. A very sharp knife is the first essential.

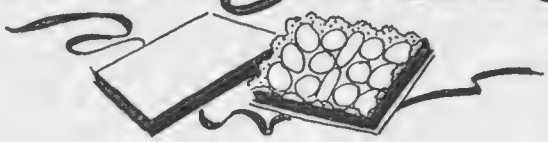
When filleting flat fish such as sole and plaice cut off fins first. Now slit down the backbone of the fish from head to tail for left-hand fillet, and tail to head for right-hand fillet. Slide the knife along the bone under the flesh and cut off fillets, drawing the fillet away with one hand as you cut. If you wish to skin the fish cut the skin across tail-end with wet knife. Raise skin and loosen round edges. Hold fish firmly on a board and holding skin between your finger and thumb pull it away from head to tail.

When filleting round fish, such as herring, cut off fins and cut straight down middle of back, cutting through the bone. Then having opened out your fish, proceed as with flat fish.

Fish has usually been cleaned, but if not, before preparing, cut away gills just behind head, pull out inside and wash well in salted water.

AS autumn approaches we turn our thoughts towards filling the gaps that will soon be made in our reserve stores as fresh fruits and vegetables grow less and herbs and parsley can no longer be picked at will to enhance salads, soups and stews. We can, however, fill our cupboard with a few varieties of home made chutneys; jellies and preserves that go well with meat, and a few herbs and mushrooms can be dried. We shall then be able to maintain interesting flavours even in the winter

Made Sweets



spoonful of solution equals 1 white of egg.

Method.—Roll icing sugar on board till free from lumps and powdery. Add lemon juice, cream of tartar and egg white beaten with a fork. Mix to form paste that will shape in hands, adding a little more icing sugar if required. Knead paste well a few minutes, and leave to stand for an hour before use; during this time it will get firmer. Before moulding fondant, roll into little balls of even size in the hands.

FONDANT ALMONDS

Ingredients: ½ lb. fondant; almonds with skins removed by scalding; a few drops almond or sherry flavouring; green and pink colouring.

Divide fondant in two, flavour to taste; colour half pale green and half pale pink. Shape in hands like large almonds. Press an almond on top of each.

CHERRY FLOWERS

Take round of white fondant, about the size of a half-penny and ¼ in. thick. Place a glacé cherry in centre of each. Press fondant round cherry like a cup. Press into four or five even points between finger and thumb for petals. Fondant shells of different colours can be made by taking two small rounds, shaping one like a shell, making deep cuts with sharp knife for fluting. Put a tiny smear of red currant or bramble jelly on second round and join two together. Again, little fondant shapes may be sandwiched with chocolate marzipan.

PEPPERMINT CREAMS

Ingredients: 1 lb. fondant; small teaspoonful peppermint essence (put in a few drops at a time as strength varies); green colouring.

Work peppermint into fondant very (*Continued on page* 66)

Autumn Storecupboard

GREEN TOMATO CHUTNEY

Ingredients: 2 lb. green tomatoes; 1 lb. demerara sugar; 1½ lb. cooking apples; 1 lb. onions; ½ oz. whole ginger; 2 lb. red tomatoes; ½ lb. sultanas (if available); 1½ oz. salt; teaspoonful allspice; 1½ pints vinegar.

Wipe and quarter tomatoes. Peel and core and slice apples. Peel onions. Put these ingredients through the mincer and place in a pan, adding sugar, salt, sultanas, allspice and ginger tied in muslin bag, and vinegar. Bring to the boil. Simmer gently about 2 hours until thick, and soft. Squeeze out bag containing ginger, and remove. Pour chutney into hot, dry jars and tie down.

DAMSON CHUTNEY

Ingredients: 3 lb. ripe damsons; small piece mace; 1½ lb. brown sugar; 5 peppercorns; good teaspoonful salt; ¾ pint vinegar.

Wash fruit, remove stalks, put in pan. Add other ingredeints. Bring to boil and simmer 1 to 1½ hours till fruit is tender. Rub through sieve. Return pulp to pan and boil gently a further 10 minutes—stirring well. Pour into jam jars. Tie down.

A few jellies to accompany meat are a help, also a few jars of pulped unsweetened apple are useful for sweets or for apple sauce. The smaller apples can be used up in this way. Peel, core and slice fruit; stew into a pulp, with very little water. Fill jam jars, seal with snap closures and proceed to sterilize as for other bottled fruits.

MINT JELLY

Ingredients: 2 lb. tart cooking apples; 2 pints water; pinch tartaric acid; 8 sprays fresh mint; sugar—green colouring.

Wash and slice apples, leaving skin and core. Put the mint, apples, water and tartaric acid in preserving pan. Bring to boil and simmer till apple is pulp, stir now and then. Hang in a jelly-bag overnight. Measure liquid. Add ¾ lb. sugar to a pint. Chop a little fresh young mint finely to add for flavour. Put sugar, juice and mint in preserving pan and boil till setting point is reached. A little green colouring improves the look, put in before it sets. Pot in the usual way.

QUINCE JELLY (good with meat and game)

Ingredients: 4 lb. quinces; sugar; water.

Slice quinces small, leaving peel and cores. Put in preserving pan. Just cover with water. Simmer gently till tender, 1½ to 2 hours. Pour into jelly-bag and leave to drip overnight.

Measure juice, allow 1 lb. sugar to 1 pint juice. Boil quickly till jelly sets in a saucer, 20 to 30 minutes. Fill clean, hot jars, and seal.

Next we come to dried apples, mushrooms and a few dried herbs and parsley.

For dried apple rings windfalls can be used. Put a quart of water in a bowl and mix in a tablespoonful of salt. Peel and core apples, being careful not to break. Remove any blemish or bruised portion. Cut in rings about ¼-in. thick. Drop rings into water as you work to prevent discolouring. Thread rings on long, wooden skewers. Lay on baking sheets and dry in very low oven, 130° F. or Regulo ¼. When fruit is dry and leathery it is ready. It may take 6 or 7 hours. (*Continued on page* 66)

DRY your eyes the laundries will improve

THIS is the truth about a lot of dirty linen. If it has the ring of Job's comfort don't despair. Things are going on behind the scenes to improve the laundry services. The results may not have reached you yet, but they will.

Feeling, as you may do, that this black spot in the housewife's list of problems was getting no attention, I went to an official of the Institute of British Launderers, and then to one of London's biggest launderies to investigate. At both places I found convincing proof of the will and the endeavour to improve our lot.

It is only fair to the laundries to acquaint oneself with their side of the picture. This is it :

Behind most of the deficiencies of service about which we all complain is our old friend the Labour Shortage. Add to this the fact that labour of the right kind is essential to the efficiency of a laundry and you have the laundry-keeper's headache in a nutshell.

However efficient their machinery may be; however scientifically prescribed the washing processes, at some point of each process the human element enters in. At these points the workers must use skill and care. Like other branches of industry, the problem of attracting the best type of labour depends upon improving working conditions. This the laundries are doing, but it takes time.

A fair perspective of the "accident rate" to linen is seen when I tell you that in the laundry I inspected, 750,000 pieces are handled each week. Out of this number they may get forty pieces reported missing, ten pieces in any way damaged in the Best Finish Service, and twelve in the Economy Service. Not much comfort if you happen to be one of the unlucky ones, but not discouraging taking the overall picture.

Sometimes, it must be admitted, the customer is not without blame. At this laundry they calculate that two out of every ten laundry lists received are inaccurate. "Missing" pieces have frequently never been included. This is the human element in the consumer.

This laundry, in common with others, have instituted bonus schemes for good work. This system is already beginning to pay dividends.

Another innovation is the Laundry Industry Education Board, which has instituted technical and commercial training schemes and scholarships. There are schemes at both ends for learners and managerial aspirants. This, in time, promises the kind of laundry worker and management that guarantee improved service.

About laundry prices : it was pointed out that all unsubsidized prices have risen since 1939 on a similar scale. To take only two items in the laundry managers' budget, coal has risen from one guinea a ton to 65s. or 80s.; soap from £30 to £105 per ton. Figures as formidable to the laundry-keeper as the menacing ones at the foot of your washing bill.

There is little hope of a fall in laundry prices until these costs drop, but an increasingly high level of service *is* a compensation, and that I believe we shall get.

Ryvita and Marmalade

for breakfast

WHAT DELICIOUS SOUP!

OF COURSE, IT'S

CROSSE & BLACKWELL

C&B FAMOUS PRODUCTS

Makers of
BRANSTON PICKLE &
SANCHOVA FISH PASTE

fashion diary for 1949

Warm glances for the "cold shoulder"...

For you, Madame? The newest of new for glamorous nights—with envious glances all round! Yes, you can certainly feel your best in this lovely "cold shoulder" evening style. Just as you can always feel your best with MODESS sanitary protection. Waterproof backing for complete safety. Rounded sides for full comfort. Streamlined ends for perfect *invisibility*. Soft, extra absorbent cotton wool for maximum protection. Also soluble for easy disposal. A Johnson and Johnson product.

modess PERFECT SANITARY PROTECTION

Nature gave you the perfect corset—

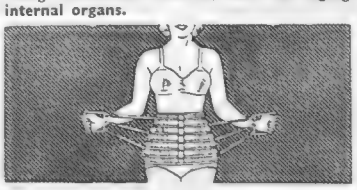
SECRET OF YOUTHFUL SLIMNESS

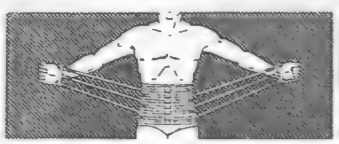
WHY is it that the slim, graceful girl of twenty so often becomes shapeless and flabby long before she's forty?
The girl of twenty has a girdle of lithe muscle—the abdominal "corset" nature gave her for a slim waistline, a good carriage, a good digestion. The woman of forty so often has a sagging waistline, poor posture, indigestion, constipation. Her abdominal muscles have grown slack and lazy.

ABDOMINAL CULTURE

Yet this wonderful natural corset can be re-educated to do its job properly—with immediate benefit to health and figure. Thousands have found that the Rallie Health Belt gives the gentle massage needed to tone and strengthen the muscles of the abdomen. Eminent health authorities endorse it. *New Health* magazine says: "An extremely valuable aid to the maintenance of health through re-educating and strengthening the abdominal muscles". Users have written hundreds of enthusiastic letters.

The pulling strands contract and relax the "Rallie" Massage Apparatus alternately, exercising abdominal muscles, and massaging internal organs.





The "Rallie" Massage Apparatus shown with the pulling strands extended. The device is for men and women of all ages.

A TONIC TO THE WHOLE SYSTEM

A few minutes daily with your Rallie Belt gives you a glorious feeling of well-being. Neglected muscles gain strength. Your waistline improves. That fat-and-forty look goes. You feel better; you look better. If you value your health and your figure find out more about the Rallie Health Belt. It is not a corset, nor an ordinary belt for constant wear. It is specially designed for abdominal massage and worn only while exercising. It is easy and pleasant to use, involving no strenuous movements—equally suitable for men and women.

ILLUSTRATED LEAFLET FREE

Write, enclosing 2½d. stamp, to

RALLIE HEALTH APPLIANCES LTD.
Dept. 140
172 BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD
LONDON, S.W.1

Finishing Polish

AT the end of the recent summer term one hundred thousand young women have left school in England and Wales to take their place in industry, the professions or domestic life, as the case may be.

The finishing school, as we have always understood the term, is only for the few, nevertheless, many parents are concerned with the problem of giving to their daughters just about to be launched in adult life that finishing polish to a general education which will fit them for some specific career or even as women with that finished knowledge of domestic subjects so essential to a happy and successful career in the home.

In this connection it is interesting to learn of an experiment which has just begun in a fine English country house where girls of sixteen and over are "finished" in a more practical sense, at a cost which parents in average circumstances can contemplate without dismay.

Main subjects in the curriculum are domestic ones. Cookery, housewifery, needlework, dressmaking, upholstery, first aid and home nursing are included while extra subjects, according to individual needs, are piano, violin, singing, elocution, French, dancing and so on.

A minimum course of three terms enables students to take the Housecraft Examination of the National Council of Domestic Studies, the Cook's Certificate or the Needlecraft Certificate. For those who remain for four terms there are Advanced Cookery, Dressmaking and Needlework examinations.

Some go to the school to obtain an essential practical finish to a general education; others go as a preliminary to a career in dress designing or in one of the spheres where a domestic science training is required.

The fine Sussex mansion which has become a finishing school in domestic subjects was built in 1580. The panelled dining-room and common room over-looking the private park are seen above

"The most successful suit I ever had"

says a Confidential Secretary

It looks right, wears right and makes me feel well dressed and quietly sure of myself. It was made from five yards of 'Moygashel' Harrogate. Only 7/8d. a yard, yet it drapes beautifully, resists creasing and comes up like new each time I wash it.

★ *Be sure that the name 'Moygashel' is on the selvedge*

in fashion — in fabrics by

MOYGASHEL REGD.

PURE LINENS — SPUN RAYONS — WOOL MIXTURES

'Moygashel' is the registered brand name of fabrics manufactured by

STEVENSON & SON LIMITED, 208A REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1 · DUNGANNON, NORTHERN IRELAND

MODERNA

Lovely Lamb's Wool Blankets

THEY'VE GOT EVERYTHING! A choice of 10 lovely Pastel Shades to match your bedroom furnishings; generous EXTRA width and length for "tuck-in"; and the famous, unique GUARANTEE.

NOW OBTAINABLE at all leading Stores, for best and guest bedrooms. Large and small double-bed and single-bed sizes. If you want WHITE, be sure to ask for "MODERNA UTILITY" (free of Purchase Tax).

BABY BLANKETS TOO, in Pink, Blue or All White. They'll wash and wash without ever losing their lamb's wool softness and delicate colours!

GUARANTEED 5-WAYS · 5-YEARS
All Pure Lamb's Wool · Won't Shrink
Fast to Washing · Odourless · MOTHPROOF

THOS. RATCLIFFE & CO. LTD. MYTHOLMROYD YORKS.

NURSERY AIDS

Special furniture and equipment for nurseries has been missing for so long that it is good to know that it is becoming more generally available again. Here is some of the new nursery furniture which has been specially designed to meet modern requirements where space saving is an important factor

IN these days of limitations of space, it is essential that nursery equipment should either play a dual purpose, or alternatively be easily dismantled and packed away when not in use, such as the light alloy bath and stand photographed below.

Above is a combined dressing-table and bath, the bath designed so that it can be detached when the table is required for dressing or changing. A useful piece of nursery furniture, for even when the youngster has outgrown the bath, it will still serve as a wardrobe or a toy cupboard. The unit, complete with bath, costs 14 gns.

(Left) Nursery alarm clock incorporating two intriguing little figures, the Tortoise as the hour hand and the Hare as the minutes hand to assist the youngster in the intricacies of learning to tell the time. Price £1 1s. 6d.

The equipment below is made in a featherweight alloy, which is warm to the touch and will not rust or chip. Each piece is white enamelled inside and designed with hygienically rounded corners. The bath is fitted with a convenient tray to take dusting powders, baby lotions, etc., and a lid which easily converts it into a changing table. The complete range, including a clean nappy box which can also be used as a nursing seat, a soiled linen box fitted with a detachable base for easy cleaning, and a wash bowl, is available in either pastel pink, leaf green, pale blue or cream to match the nursery décor, and the prices, including purchase tax, are: nappy box 43s. 7d., nappy pail 23s. 2d., washbowl 30s. 2d., chamber 8s. 3d., soiled linen box £3 9s. 5d., and bath, complete with stand and lid, £5 2s. 6d.

If you are interested in further particulars of the nursery equipment mentioned on this page, and details of where it can be bought, please write, enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope to The Editor, Women's Department, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1

MINTON

The World's Most Beautiful China

MINTONS LTD.
STOKE-UPON-TRENT
EST. 1793

SEA SICKNESS
PREVENTED

Mainly caused by unusual motion which deranges the organs of balance. 'Mothersill's' quickly counteracts this effect, strengthens the susceptible nerve centres and neutralizes dryness of the throat.

Mothersill's
SEASICK REMEDY

has been used successfully for more than 45 years throughout the world by experienced Sea-, Air-, Train- and Motor-Travellers.

Obtainable at leading Chemists everywhere.

SKIN
BLEMISHES
CLEARED

Redness, roughness, soreness, sunburn, and other minor blemishes, are greatly relieved if the skin is treated with soothing, cooling Cuticura Ointment. The perfect first-aid for minor cuts and abrasions. 8

Cuticura ANTI-SEPTIC OINTMENT

Land Of The Almighty Dollar

(*Continued from page* 13)

term to mean the inhabitants of the United States, learned from this constantly turning cycle of alternate booms and slumps? This writer, who has had experience inside the United States of both booms and slumps would reply that in his opinion they have learned nothing at all. The booms elate these charming people, for charming they are, as children are charming, and slumps depress them. Both cause naïve surprise. When there is a boom one hears talk of the good ole American dollar and opinion is expressed that the sky is the limit.

In times of depression the Americans look for a Messiah. My, the Messiahs I have met; there was Father Couglin and the long forgotten Howard Scott who boosted Technocrocy, and the Brains Truster Raymond Moley and others too humorous to mention, but while they were hailed as men who would most undoubtedly lead America (inhabitants of the United States ignore the hundred million or so who live in the southern half of the American continent) out of the wilderness, in point of fact they never did. Matters righted themselves by people doing what comes naturally.

This is what I mean: THEY LIVE.

Americans get a lot out of life by working hard; I know no nation that works as hard as the American nation. By living I mean that they enjoy the fruits of their labours. They are a free people in the true and old-fashioned meaning of the expression. But there are 140 million of them; therefore one cannot expect to find all of them cast in the same mould.

During the Palestine troubles one might have thought that the whole of the population of the United States was pro-Jewish; actually there is more anti-Semitism in the United States than anywhere in Europe to-day.

Side by side with great tolerance there is great intolerance and narrowness of outlook. Yet the Americans are the most generously impulsed people I have ever known and the most idealistic. True, their ideals are sometimes curious and difficult for Europeans to understand, just as their enthusiasms are, according to European standards, somewhat childish, especially when they are applied to flagpole sitting, dancing marathons and miniature golf, but these things do not last long.

The immensity of the country has undoubtedly much to do with the broad, sweeping and sometimes exaggerated effort of the individual to make good. "Getting on" is a slogan every American child finds pinned to the foot of his or her cradle.

In good times, the times sandwiched between two slumps, a big building that was not completed more than, say, three years ago, is torn down and replaced by a bigger and better one; part of the general restlessness; a desire to get on; to get a move on. But do not think that the U.S.A. is nothing but a collection of skyscrapers.

Almost invariably in every city of any size one is apt to find around the base of a skyscraper a collection of hovels and shacks which would in Britain be classified as slum property. That is all part of the paradox of the Land of the Almighty Dollar; where cinemas look like cathedrals and cathedrals look like cinemas.

Were you or I American, would we be happy in our minds if we worked as hard as the Americans do, longer working hours than in Europe, and saw Western Europe in its present state? I wonder. Of course they criticize us, why should they not; they are paying the piper and they are calling the tune, but we, the Europeans, are not dancing in unison; we are out of step one with the other and that annoys the Americans who are called upon to find the dollars for the European Recovery Plan, to finance the Atlantic Pact, to finance the arms for Western Union. Since the War the United States has advanced Europe roughly £1,000 million! Quite a lot of money, is it not? All come from the fruits of American labour, both present and to come.

Naturally all of it has not come from current production, neither have American reserves been depleted; a good part of it has meant mortgaging part of the future, but the American, a prolific spender when he has got the dollars in his jeans, as he calls his trousers pocket, cares not a jot, when times are good. When, as just now, times are less good and just over the horizon the scarecrow of Slump raises his head, the American becomes critical of Mr. President "throwing our good ole dollars around."

Of course, the Americans have ample media for vocal and written criticism. There are numerous radio stations with what are called "sponsored programs" which enable well-known people to give talks over what are called "coast to coast link-ups." Then the newspapers; I was sitting with an editor of a New York evening newspaper one afternoon last year when he signed up his fiftieth columnist. Fortunately, the whole gang does not appear in the same issue. They could of course; this particular newspaper, the *Post*, appears with sixty-two pages daily. Sixty-two; I ask you.

That sounds terrific, does it not, but if you look at the pages you will find that two-thirds of each page consists of advertisements.

Now let us give the United States the once over and get, say, a train window view of this fabulous Land of the Almighty Dollar.

AWAY from the big cities you will find life very pleasant. Men come home from their work and cut the grass in the yard (garden); Mom is getting supper ready; Junior plays around with the carburettor of the family car; daughter is fixing her face before sitting in a hammock slung on the front porch where she awaits the arrival of the current boy friend. After supper Pop and Mom will stroll down to a movie or drop in on a neighbour.

Despite all the talk of hustle, your average American is a pretty conservative fellow and many remember even to-day what Horace Greeley, famous Editor of the New York *Tribune* once wrote: "No man, no community, no nation can afford to buy and consume more than it produces for sale and sells." That is why so many Americans keep a close eye on what we call Marshall Aid.

Your train goes on, the locomotive bell clanging. Perhaps you drop into Boston and if you strike a chilly fog it will remind you of England, just as the fields of New Hampshire do. Or maybe you journey up to Buffalo on the Canadian frontier and shiver in the cold.

What about Chicago; unexpectedly beautiful, is it not? And Washington, D.C., capital of these great United States, what a small town! San Francisco is as hilly as Glasgow.

You may ride for many, many hours across the Arizona Desert and see nothing but stones and cacti. You go to bed one night in your drawing-room and you wake up and hear Spanish spoken all around you; the buildings are Spanish. It is difficult to believe you are in America, but you are; you are in Southern California.

Ride the Sunset Route through Louisiana, see and hear the darkies strumming; drop in on New Orleans and you are in Old France where people speak Norman French and the courtyards of the Spanish houses are filled with splashing fountains and purple flowers.

Follow the Indian Trail to the West and stay awhile in Houston, Texas, the fastest growing city in the United States.

Go where you will, to Hollywood if you must, where the rainbow ends and where there is not always a crock of gold.

Go East, go West; go North, go South, cover thousands and thousands of miles and you will still be within the confines of the Land of the Almighty Dollar.

It is a stupendous thought for Europeans to be able to travel days and nights without ever leaving the land of your birth.

I can well understand the mentality of the American to whom a Frenchman complained that he found America noisy. "Hell, yes," said the Americans "we've sure got something to be noisy about."

END

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Strange Journey (*Continued from page 12*)

"I get you, Mr. Trevor. He was carried here from some other part of the house? Perhaps because of the gas fire?"

"Something like that. Let's take it a step further. Seems to me there are two possibilities. Either he was carried in here just before eleven, gassed, and left lying on that rug until twelve, when someone, presumably the murderer, turned him on to his other side. Or he was gassed somewhere else, left lying on his left side until twelve, then carried in here and put on to his right side just in time for Robert Duffy to find him. Which sounds the more likely?"

"You ask the darnedest questions, Mr. Trevor. What do you think?"

"Well, if the tap of that gas fire had been turned on for over an hour, wouldn't you expect the whole house to reek of gas? Yet Duffy and Miss Porter didn't smell it when they came in. So I incline to the second alternative. Especially as I can't imagine any reason why the murderer should want to turn the body over."

"But why should anyone want to make us believe that Grandage died in this room, if he died somewhere else?"

"Now you're asking the question," smiled Peter. "And I can't answer it. Are there any other gas fires in the house?"

"Never thought of looking."

"Might be worth checking. I'll carry on here."

Scratching his grizzled head, Jamieson hurried from the room. Peter knelt down again and continued his examination of the body. Before long he found something that set him whistling, a soft almost tuneless whistle which bore a remote resemblance to "Loch Lomond." He was still studying his find when Jamieson returned.

"There's a gas fire in every bedroom, Mr. Trevor."

"Eh?"

"I say there's—have you got something?"

"I found this in Grandage's mouth, Jimmy. Caught between his teeth." Peter held up a pair of forceps from which hung a tiny thread.

"What do you make of it?"

"Looks like a bit of wool."

"It is wool. Red wool. Bright red wool."

"Oh!" Jamieson's disappointment was evident in his voice. "That completely solves our problem, I suppose?"

"I think it does," agreed Peter. "Got a cigarette? Thanks. Let's have a look at Grandage's bedroom."

He rose to his feet, carefully stowed the thread away in an envelope, then accompanied Jamieson upstairs. In Grandage's large comfortable room, the inspector pointed to the gas fire.

"There you are, Mr. Trevor. Want the tap going over for prints?"

"No, don't trouble. Just help me to look for a pill box or a small bottle."

"What's in it?"

"Probably nothing. But it should be somewhere around."

Thoroughly mystified now, Jamieson set to work. He soon found an empty pill box in the drawer of the bedside table, and read the label:

"'One tablet to be taken at night as directed.' This what you want?"

"Yes, thanks." Peter dropped the box into his pocket. "Now let's have a spot of fresh air and gather our scattered wits together."

He led the way downstairs, through the study, and out by the french window to the gravelled path where the big American car was standing, with a police car just behind it. Here he paced about in the darkness for a while, softly whistling something which this time was quite unrecognizable.

He halted eventually beside the big car and tried the handle of the boot. It was locked.

"Ignition key left inside?" he asked.

"No. But I can get it from Duffy if——"

"Never mind. Lend me your torch."

Jamieson handed over his torch, then stared in amazement as Peter dropped on to the path, wriggled under the back of the car, and inspected it with the aid of the light. His surprise was not diminished when the no longer immaculate Mr. Trevor reappeared, brushed down his clothes, and said:

"All in order, Jimmy. Shall we have a word with Miss Porter?"

In the lounge, Celia Porter sat on the settee with Robert Duffy and looked rather frightened. Peter studied her thoughtfully.

"Did you know," he asked abruptly, "that you'd a third passenger on your journey from Chelmston?"

Her lovely eyes opened wide. "I—I don't understand."

"Of course you don't. I'm afraid this is going to be a big shock to you, Miss Porter And yet I feel that I ought to congratulate you. You're too nice a girl to be—married to a murderer."

There was a startled silence. Then Robert Duffy laughed.

"What nonsense is this?"

"I'll explain. Soon after dinner you gave your uncle a big overdose of sleeping tablets——"

"It's a lie!" cried Duffy. "If you've found anything suggesting that he had sleeping tablets, he took them himself."

"That's what I thought you'd say." Peter's smile was cold. "It's a good story, and we can't disprove it. But we can prove that he didn't carry out the rest of the proceedings himself."

Celia's eyes were now blazing indignantly.

"You can't be serious, Mr. Trevor!" she cried. "Robert was with me when his uncle died."

"That's quite true, my dear. He murdered Walter Grandage in your presence—but without your knowledge. It was a very cunningly contrived scheme. It would have been completely successful except for a bit of unexpected bad luck."

Peter's voice hardened again.

"He knew that exhaust gas from a car produces exactly the same post-mortem appearances as coal-gas. In each case the toxic agent is carbon monoxide, which gives a characteristic rosy-pink coloration to the skin. When his uncle was deeply unconscious from the sleeping tablets, he put the limp frail figure into the spacious boot of the car. Before leaving the house, he turned on the tap of the gas fire in the study a little. Not too much—because he didn't want you to smell the gas when you came in."

"You can't have any proof of all this, Mr. Trevor," murmured Celia shakily.

"You'll be satisfied before I've finished, Miss Porter. Let me go on, please. He'd made some slight alteration to his uncle's car—led a tube from the exhaust pipe into the boot, with a cute little valve operated from the driving-seat by a length of wire. See the idea? As soon as you set off back from Chelmston, he opened the valve, which very quickly created a strong concentration of exhaust gas in the boot, thus ensuring that Water Grandage died about eleven o'clock.

"When you got here, he pretended to discover the tragedy, being careful to suggest that his uncle had gassed himself. While you were telephoning for the police, he got the body from the boot of the car, conveniently parked just outside the study window, and carried it in. He had to switch off the light, of course, while doing this, in case any chance passer-by caught a glimpse of him, so he didn't realize that he'd changed the position of the body. He must have got a terrible shock when he switched on again and saw what looked like a bruise on the dead man's face, strongly suggesting murder rather than suicide. But there was nothing he could do about it. He hadn't time, even, to turn the body over to hide the bruise before the police arrived."

Celia Porter turned to Robert Duffy in agonized appeal.

"You didn't do it, Robert? Say you didn't!"

"Of course I didn't! I never heard such a wild accusation. Without an atom of proof to——" (*Continued on page 61*

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"There's a rug in the boot of the car, isn't there?" interrupted Peter. "A travelling rug with some bright red in its pattern."

"Well? What of it?"

"You'll find it difficult to explain to a jury how a thread of this bright red wool got into your uncle's mouth. And, of course, there's the ingenious little gadget you fitted to his car. Because of the unexpected turn in events, you've had no opportunity to remove it yet. Besides that, we shall be able to prove that your uncle was killed by exhaust gas, and not coal gas."

Jamieson looked troubled. "Is that a fact, Mr. Trevor?"

Strange Journey

"Oh, yes. Don't you remember the celebrated Sydney Fox case. Fox was hanged because the air passages in his victim's lungs showed none of the tiny deposits of soot always found in people who have been suffocated by smoke. Duffy will be hanged because we shall find tiny deposits of the oil which is always present in exhaust gas." Peter felt in a pocket and snapped his fingers irritably. "Give me a cigarette, Jimmy. Thanks. Now take him away, while I try to persuade Miss Porter that she's really a very lucky girl."

A Larger Fitting

(*Continued from page 40*)

FRONT

With No. 14 needles cast on 156 sts. Work in rib as for back. Inc. to 162 sts. on last row (wrong side) as follows: Inc. in the 13th st. and every following 26th st. to end. Change to No. 8 needles and work in stocking st. (k. into back of k. sts. in k. rows) inc. 1 st. at beg. and end of 9th and every following 8th row until there are 172 sts. and 46 rows from welt. Begin patt. on next row:

1st row.—K. 84, * k. 2 (not twisted) w.fd., sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o. * k. to end.

2nd row.—P. 84, p. 2, w.r.n.p. 2 tog., p. to end. Rep. these 2 rows 4 times (10 rows altogether) not forgetting side increases. Add 1 patt. on each side of centre one in next row as follows: Inc. in 1st. st., k. to within 9 sts. of patt., rep. from * to * of 1st row, k. 5 (twisted), rep. from * to * k. 5 (twisted); rep. from * to *, k. to end, inc. in last st. (176 sts.) continue without further side increases as described adding 2 more patt. every 10th row until there are 9 altogether, at the same time when there are 78 rows.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows; 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows; 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows; 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. at beg. of next 6 rows, 140 sts. Work 6 rows without shaping. End p. row, dec. to 110 sts. on next row as follows: k. 1, then k. 2 tog. 15 times, k. 1 before beg. patt. and k. 1 after last patt., then repeat the 15 dec., k. last st. continue on these sts. until there are 46 rows from beg. of armhole (5 ins.). End p. row.

SHAPE NECK

K. 49, cast off 12, k. 49.

Next row.—P. to neck edge. Cast off at beg. of next and following rows at neck edge, 4 sts. once, 2 sts. once. Then dec. 1 st. at beg. of each row, neck edge, until 39 sts. remain. Work without shaping until armhole measures 7½ in. (68 rows).

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 13 sts. (purlwise) at beg. of next 3 rows at shoulder edge. Join wool to neck edge and work 2nd side to match.

SLEEVES

With No. 14 needles cast on 100 sts. Work in rib as for welts for 1 in. Inc. to 110 sts. on wrong side of work as follows: Inc. in the 5th st. and every following 10th st. Change to No. 8 needles and work in st.st. for 31 rows.

SHAPE TOP

Right side facing. Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows; dec. 1 st. at beg. of each row until 90 sts. remain. Work 2 rows without dec. Dec. 1 st. at beg. of next 2 rows.; rep. these 4 rows until 80 sts. remain; dec. 1 st. at beg. of each row until there are 60 sts. Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows; cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows, then 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Cast off remainder.

NECK RIBBING

With No. 14 needles work a strip of 4 sts. in k. 1, p. 1 long enough to go round the neck. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press each piece on wrong side under a damp cloth. Sew side, shoulder, and sleeve seams. Draw up fullness at top of sleeves and sew into armholes. Work 2 rows of double crochet down each side of neck opening making 2 loops for buttons on right side. Sew ribbing strip neatly to cover neck edge. Sew on buttons. Tack in shoulder pads.

END

In Search Of Glamour

(*Continued from page 44*)

in swim-suits as close fitting as a second skin contrasted elegantly with plump young men garbed in voluminous flower-printed bathing drawers—a fashion which I'm not prepared to recommend to any Englishman. The young married women wore printed crepe dresses, many with pencil-slim skirts and bolero tops. Older women wore smart two-piece suits in navy and white or black and white sponge-bag printed crepe; and one very smart white-haired woman was dressed in a white crepe de Chine shirt with long sleeves, and a Byronic collar, topping a dove-grey skirt belted with scarlet patent leather. Her hat was a large white felt trimmed with white gros-grain ribbon. Here again all the women wore their hair fairly long. There were no signs of the short cut or the long mane.

The more I see of Italian women, the less I admire their figures. The girls and young women up to the age of twenty-five are slim and elegantly curved. But after that age, the spaghetti, macaroni and tortellini—not to mention the Gnocchi—seems to get the better of them and the curves bulge voluminously. Curiously enough these floury foods do not seem to affect the men so much. But never in my life have I seen so many overweight women. And let this be a comfort to you when you get discouraged by short rations. There is as much food in Italy as there are fat females.

There were some very pretty girls in Florence, but they were obviously American in the main. I saw some very graceful gold jewellery—clips of tiny engraved horses' heads, gold bangle wrist watches and gold-chain necklaces joined with cabochon rubies. Italy is a great place for shoes and the Italians wear low-heeled opened white sandals. For stockingless occasions these sandals have a thong between the big toe and the upper part, which prevents the foot from slipping forward.

If you want to see amusing fashions, all you have to do is to sit at Doney's next door to the Excelsior here in Rome. Haughty young men in gaily clad shirts sit calmly glued to the seats of their chairs while luscious girls stand, first on one foot and then on the other, showing off themselves and their clothes to possible admirers. One honey-coloured blonde was as pretty as a girl on a magazine cover. Her hair was piled on top of her head and she wore white shell ear-rings, a white broderie-anglaise blouse, cut to leave her shoulders bare and ruffled into tiny sleeves. Her skirt was pink and white candy-striped cotton. A strawberry blonde was dressed in a grey and white printed cotton, cut like a topless evening dress and reaching almost to her ankles.

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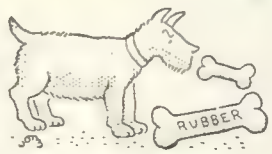

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Horse-Madness

(*Continued from page* 19)

"You know, Jack, I'd like to think of you with a good job. If there is anything I can do. . . . I'd like to think of you as well-off and comfortable."

"I'm sure you would, Zelie. But it would surprise you to know that I'd be rather bored with myself that way. That was always the real trouble between us, wasn't it? Different gods."

"I don't understand."

"Ah, but then you must realize that you are rich, and the rich understand so little. Take care—she's coming."

Leonie reached them.

"Now darling, say good-bye to—Captain, is it?" she said quite gaily to him. He nodded. "Say good-bye to Captain Danvers."

"To-morrow," Leonie said to him, "I shall jump the triple bar!"

"You won't, so much as your pony, young woman! Remember, when a jump is behind you, you had a very active partner in the exploit! And remember another thing I've told you. When you take it, keep your heels well down, your hands low, and throw your heart over."

"I'll remember!" Leonie's eyes shone at him, and she went away with her mother.

Arthur said, when he, Zelie and Leonie were in the drawing-room before dinner, "Well, and how did the riding go?" He then took up a newspaper, and began to read it, which was his habit. He seldom listened to the answers to the more or less duty questions that he put to the members of his household. Suddenly panicking, Zelie answered for Leonie.

"She liked it very much, thank you, Father."

"I loved it," said Leonie, strengthening this statement and, by the thrilled excitement in her voice, causing Arthur to look up.

"What sort of a chap teaches you?" he asked, in tones which made of the chap someone to be tipped, say, after every sixth lesson.

"He's quite a nice man, isn't he, darling?" said Zelie hurriedly, and then, "darling, just run upstairs and tell Miss Carruthers we are waiting for her." Miss Carruthers, who came down to dinner when they were alone, but never when there was a party.

"He's a perfectly marvellous man," said Leonie from the door.

"Is he all right, do you think? I mean, can the chap teach?" Arthur asked Zelie, looking at her over his glasses, and a somewhat protuberant stomach. "No use in throwing money away."

"I saw her jump to-day," said Zelie knowledgeably. "He seems to have taught her quite well."

How to avoid Arthur hearing his name? And if he did? She hated difficulties. It would be a great deal better if he did not.

Leonie returned with her governess. "And Father," she said, "he's a perfectly marvellous teacher, and he's told me to call him Uncle John. He said he didn't like his pupils calling him anything but that."

"Damned cheek of the fellow," said Arthur.

The butler entered the room to say that dinner was served. The uncle idea had been clever of Jack, Zelie thought. But there still remained Miss Carruthers, who, if she knew it (which was doubtful as Leonie would have been driven by the chauffeur) might let the name slip at any moment. To her, after Leonie had gone to bed, and Arthur had retired to his study, she said that she had only to-day discovered that Leonie's riding master was a man of whom Mr. Leyton had in the past suspected shady dealings in connection with horses, and that it would be just as well not to mention his name and so incur Mr. Leyton's displeasure at the thought of his child having taken riding lessons from him, especially as the man had said only to-day—(probably he realized that now that we have returned it is the best thing to do)—that he was leaving the district to-morrow. "Only I wouldn't tell the child that, Miss Carruthers, or she may not want to go to her riding lesson, she seems to have become so fond of him." Such little fabrications caused Zelie no trouble to invent, and the matter dealt with, she went upstairs to bed.

She stared thoughtfully at her reflection as she sat before her mirror. The meeting with Jack had been shaking in the extreme. Seeing him had, in a curious way reopened a vista, one that seemed to lead almost to another world. She paused in her bed-time preparations to remember. . . . And remembering caused her an odd little pang.

"In bed?"

Arthur's voice came to her from his dressing-room.

"Nearly!"

Arthur entered the room; thick, prosperous-looking in his silk pyjamas. What a hateful word, she thought, was "bulbous," yet so apt. As he got into his bed, she heard its weight creak beneath him. In the mirror she could see the redness of his face, his heavy jowl, the puffiness beneath his eyes.

"I've had the hell of a day. Everyone yapping at me." He stretched, grunted, and turned on his side. She sat where she was, staring apparently at a streak of moonlight that showed through the curtains. Servants never pulled curtains properly. After some moments she knew he was asleep. She could hear his deep breathing. In a second now the snores would begin. . . . He was snoring now.

"Passion may be tormented and ruthless, but it is never ridiculous. . . ." He had known the words would stab.

The next day was taken up for Zelie by a committee meeting in connection with a film première, for which she had to go to London. Returning in her first class compartment she thought with relief that Jack would by now have left the neighbourhood, and that she needn't worry any more. She had much enjoyed her day, her enjoyment being largely dependent upon the fact that among a number of women whose skirts were the wrong length she had been wearing examples of the best clothes in New York.

The chauffeur met her with the Bentley, and drove her home.

"Did Miss Leonie have her driving lesson to-day?" she asked him.

"Yes, Madam."

She would have liked to have asked him who had given it to her, but she believed it paid not to talk more than was necessary to servants.

She found Leonie in what was called the schoolroom, deep in the chair that had been placed there with due regard for Miss Carruthers's comfort, and with a book. She looked up excitedly as her mother entered the room.

"Mummy——"

"Well, darling, did you have a nice day? Where is Miss Carruthers?"

"She's washing her hair, Mummy."

For a moment Zelie wondered whether it was quite in order for Miss Carruthers to take time off to wash her hair without having asked permission to do so.

"Mummy——"

"Yes, darling?"

"This is the most wizard book. Uncle John gave it to me."

"Hasn't he gone?" Zelie's voice had risen.

"How did you know he was going, Mummy?"

There was only the slightest pause before Zelie said, "He mentioned it yesterday, while you were fetching your things."

"Oh. . . . Why didn't you tell me?"

"Well, darling, I knew how much you liked him, and I thought it might make you a little sad, and I don't like my girl to be sad!" She smiled. "He *has* gone, then?"

"Yes, he has. I *do* wish he hadn't. Riding won't be a bit the same. But he left this wizard book for me."

"Let me see it, darling."

Leonie handed her the book. Its title was *Horsemastership*, and its author was John Danvers. Zelie was (*Continued on page* 64)

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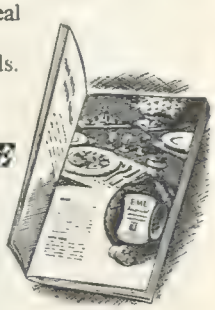

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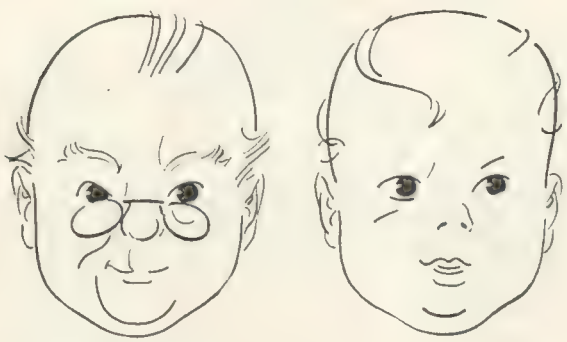

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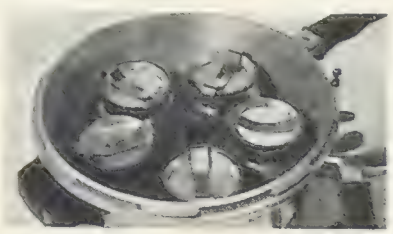

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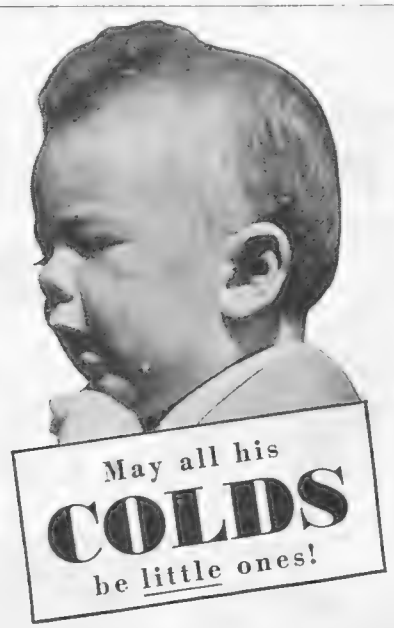

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surprised at Jack being able to write a book that sold for twenty-one shillings. She turned over the pages. Printed on the fly-leaf was a dedication—"To my daughter." She noticed an opened envelope marking Leonie's place.

"What's this?" she asked, holding it, although she knew.

"That's a letter he left with it, Mummy. You can read it if you like. It's an awfully nice letter."

Zelie dropped into the chair opposite to Leonie, who went on reading the book.

She pulled the letter out of its envelope with a hand that shook a little, and read—

Dear Leonie,

I had to go away suddenly, so am leaving for you a book I finished writing about a year ago. It will tell you more about horses—how to ride them and look after them—than I have been able to do during the time I've been teaching you. By the way—the triple bar is a tricky jump, and there's a picture of a horse taking it perfectly on p. 51. Note the rider's position, and the freedom he's giving to the horse's head. I put just about all I know of horses into the writing of this book, but there are one or two things I perhaps felt shy of offering to the general public which you might care for me to tell you. One of them is this—if you love, and understand, horses, you'll have come, through learning about them, to know a good deal about people, and therefore life. For instance, there are callous fools (they are *never* horsemen) who think it grand to gallop a horse as hard as they can on every occasion that they ride him. (Sometimes even down a hard road without thinking of the damage they may do him.) There are also people who gallop through life in the same way, *using* it in order to get them somewhere, and sometimes they don't even know where. If they went slower, they would know far more of life and the joy of it, and they'd have time to give as well as take, just as the good horseman gives sympathy (which runs down the reins, by the way) to the horse he's riding so collectedly and kindly, and in return the horse goes kindly for him. It's a mutual give and take, and believe me, it takes far more knowledge of horses to ride them collectedly than to gallop like a fiend.

Never go sloppy over horses. They are far too fine animals to be treated mawkishly. You should always feel a little humble when riding a good horse, for while you're on his back you're in close contact with a creature with a great heart whose philosophy towards you is simple. That is—he'll trust you until you do him an injury—jag his mouth, or kick him in the belly when he's had enough. If you do these things, he'll never trust you again, for horses have exceptionally long memories. They're like the best people—drag at them when they're keen, and you make them frustrated and angry—kick them when they need encouragement, and you humiliate them. Fear them, and they very rightly despise you.

One last thing. There are horse-charmers just as there are people-charmers. By a horse-charmer, I mean a chap who is not necessarily a true lover of horses, but who has a strong, confident seat, gentle, but firm hands, and the right kind of voice. The horse, in his great simplicity, will break his heart in a race for such a man, or take any fence with him in the saddle. Such men sometimes "pull" good horses when they're racing them, so as to make more money over them later on. This is called "riding crooked," and it's an unforgivable betrayal, but I hope you won't find out about it yet. But—aim always at being more than just a horse-charmer.

That is all I have to say, so—good-bye.

JOHN DANVERS.

PS. It wasn't. Don't sit too far back in the saddle. Get down—right into it.

Zelie caught her breath, and wondered if Leonie had heard the sound that was like a sob that broke from her, but Leonie still read her book.

"Goodness—what a solemn letter!" said Zelie in the lightest and the smallest of voices. "Did you understand it, darling?"

"I think I did—most of it," said Leonie. She looked at her mother questioningly, almost as if to say, "Did you?"

"It says here that he wrote the book for his daughter. I didn't know he had a daughter, did you, Mummy?"

Zelie wet her lips. "No, I didn't, darling."

"It must be lovely to be her."

"But you have a very kind father of your own, darling," said Zelie quickly.

"Oh yes, I know I have. I didn't mean *that*," said Leonie.

Zelie was aware of the child's instinctive rush to loyalty, and thought, "This is awful."

"I only meant what fun it would be to have him always there to teach me riding," said Leonie.

"I must go and dress, darling. We've people coming to dine."

"Good! Then I needn't come down, and I can stay here and read my book. Mummy, should I show my book to father?"

Of all things! . . . Zelie forced her voice to be calm. "I don't think I should worry him with it, darling, you know how rushed he always is."

"Yes, he *is* always rushed, isn't he? Mummy—why is he so rushed?"

"Because he has a lot of business to attend to, darling." That damned letter. . . . "It's father's business that makes him able to give you such a lovely life. . . ." She faltered. "I mean—you couldn't have half the things you do if he didn't work so hard, or if he weren't such an important man. . . ."

"After all," said Leonie who had evidently been pursuing her own line of thought, "he doesn't know about horses, and I don't suppose he'd be interested in this book."

"Exactly, darling." Zelie picked up her fur and her gloves. "And now I must go. I'll show myself to you when I'm dressed. I've a new dress you haven't seen before." It was black chiffon—you simply couldn't get such material in England—and she thought of it with pleasure. "I bought it in New York."

"How lovely, Mummy," said Leonie, and turned a page of her book.

END

Atlantic Crusoe Island

(*Continued from page* 33)

radio station, and the wind wailing woefully through the derelict derricks on the pier or rattling the windows of deserted dwellings. That, briefly, is to-day's dismal picture of the once quite thriving industry of this strange island. Stranger still if we delve more deeply into its past. Until the four lighthouses erected by the Canadian Government reduced the disaster rate, an appalling number of shipwrecks was recorded of an island where bad weather and hazardous navigation had earned for its storm-tossed, cliff-backed waters the label "Graveyard of the Gulf." In every bay along Anticosti's shores little wooden crosses testify to more than 150 shipwrecks since records began, in 1829.

Anticosti has too a background of buccaneer chieftains which rivals the Corsair sea-raiders of the Barbary Coast. Louis Olivier Gamache, whose grave survives there, was one of these. Gamache established himself at Ellis Bay, and it went ill with any vessel which took shelter in the bay rather than risk shipwreck on the savage rocks that girdle the friendless coast.

Shipwreck, again, made the hermit island the scene of the most amazing case of cannibalism ever to happen in the New World. On May 8, 1829, Captain Basile Giassou, Quebec-bound in his little sealing schooner from the Magdalen Islands, dropped anchor in an Anticosti bay. Landing, he found in one of two solitary huts ashore, a log-book which recorded the breaking up of the vessel Granicus in a fierce gale the previous year. In the other hut Giassou and his men were horrified to see (*Continued on page* 66)

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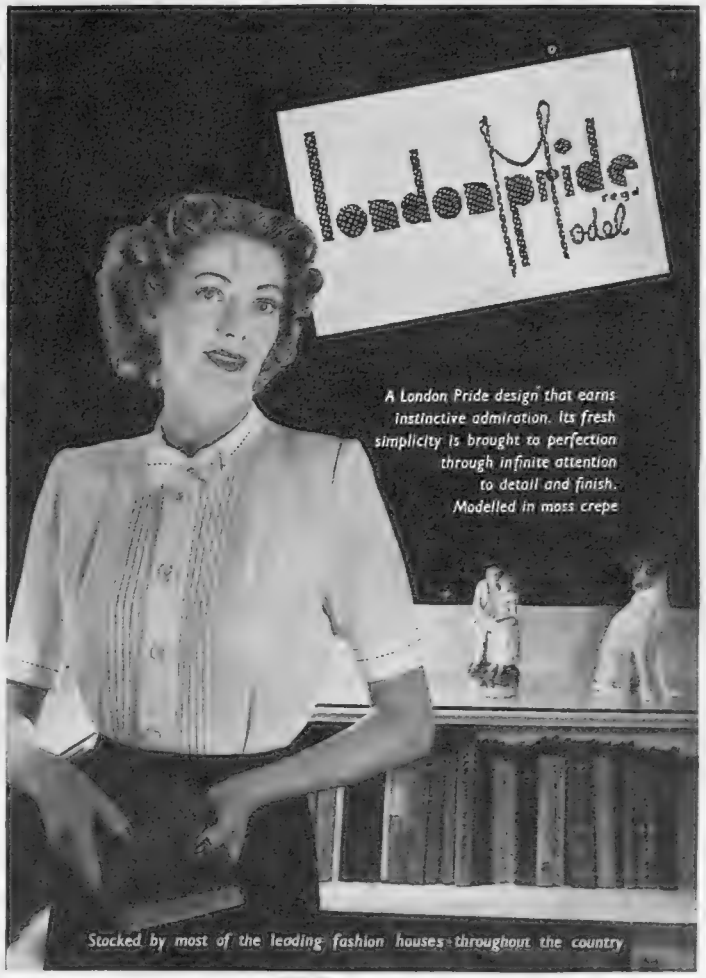
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RECIPE FOR ASPIC JELLY.

1 pint water
1 bay leaf
6 peppercorns
Blade of mace
½ teaspoonful salt
1 tablespoon vinegar (tarragon if possible)
1 tablespoonful sherry
3 level teasps. Lemco Consommé
1 stick celery (if available)
2 strips lemon rind
2 cloves
2 level dessertsps. powdered gelatine

Put water, celery, salt and all dry flavourings into a small covered pan. Bring slowly to the boil and simmer for 15 minutes. Remove from the heat and allow to stand with the lid on a further 15 minutes. Sprinkle in the gelatine, add the Lemco Consommé & stir until both are dissolved. Lastly, add the vinegar and sherry. Strain through double muslin for use.

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suspended from the roof the dismembered trunks of six human corpses. Above a crude fireplace hung a pair of iron pots half full of frozen water and teeth-marked portions of arms and legs. In a corner of the hut were several sea chests crammed with hunks of flesh between layers of salt to preserve them.

Later the searchers found a third hut, in it the *raison d'être* for this dreadful carnage. In a ship's hammock lay a giant of a man apparently asleep. On the floor were a butcher's knife and a bowl filled with what had once been soup. The ghoul, Giassou concluded, had succumbed to acute indigestion after gorging too richly on half-cooked flesh. The indications were that barely a few days earlier the cannibal had gone to join his shipmates on whose bodies he had too greedily feasted.

For tourists who are attracted to the unbeaten paths of men there is great scenic beauty inside Anticosti, and good sport; the winters are long, but the brief summers are dry, pleasant, mosquito-free. The thick spruce forests reach out to the very coasts, and are estimated to harbour a deer population of at least 250,000. Sparkling rivers rich with trout and salmon tumble in cascades over beds of limestone and coral through canyons with sculptured walls.

To anyone willing to risk being marooned there for at least three months, and a die-hard, though slowly relaxing unhospitality bred of the old laws, winter in Anticosti offers spectacles unsurpassed almost anywhere. The heavy snow mantles everything, accumulating on every twig till the trees resemble huge candelabra, every ice crystal

Atlantic Crusoe Island

reflecting the noon-day sun or trembling opalescent before the ever-changing glory of the Aurora. At the coast the scene is even more austerely beautiful. Tinted yellow with encrusted seaweed, icebergs float in and out of the bays like ghost ships. A fine crystal film of ice forms over the bay, reflecting every tint of the spectrum, as it undulates gently to the unhurried swell. A puff of wind, and the phenomenon vanishes. The weeks go by. Wind and tide no longer stir the ice pack in the bay. The floes are cemented with the freezing sea. Anticosti is frozen-in for another season.

What of the future for this island backwoods and its shrunken populace? Trappers along the north shore, twenty-five miles cross the channel, who make a living poaching Anticosti fox, muskrat and beaver, are eagerly watching developments in the world fur trade; but fur farming on the island itself is already on a more prosperous scale. More important still: moving on snowshoes, carrying tenting equipment, or using the log cabins scattered over the island, hardy men employed by the Consolidated Paper Corporation are again surveying, recording, planning. For, due to the expanding world need for paper, the island's pulpwood development begins to show signs of revival. Thus, the immediate future may hold for this Crusoe island of the west Atlantic the ensuing chapters of the pulp boom of which the first chapter ended so abruptly in the late 1920's.

END

Autumn Storecupboard

(*Continued from page* 49)

DRIED MUSHROOMS

Select fresh, young mushrooms. Skin and cut larger ones in quarters. Thread on a string, making a knot between each mushroom. Dry the same as apples till leathery.

DRYING HERBS

Mint, parsley and any herbs such as thyme, fennel, marjorum, basil and so on can be dried. They should be gathered while still fresh and in full leaf and before there are flowers on them. Tie them in bunches and hang them in a warm place in the sun when possible, or in the warmth of the kitchen.

They should be kept free of dust by a covering of butter muslin. As soon as leaves are dry and crisp pound them to a powder. Place in dry bottles and seal.

END

Home Made Sweets

(*Continued from page* 49)

thoroughly. Add a few drops of green colouring to make pale green. Roll into even-sized balls and flatten to shape of thick pennies. Lay out on grease-proof paper to dry.

Here are two other sweet recipes that need no difficult cooking.

CHOCOLATE PRALINES

Ingredients: 4 oz. margarine; 2 dessertspoonfuls sugar; 4 small dessertspoonfuls cocoa; 1 tablespoonful golden syrup; ½ lb. sweet biscuit crumbs or plain crumbs with a teaspoonful of sugar added.

Melt margarine, sugar and syrup in a pan; add cocoa and crushed crumbs. Mix well and cook gently over low flame a few minutes, stirring all the time, do not boil. Have ready shallow greased tin; press mixture in about ¼-in. thickness. When cold, turn out, and cut into small squares.

DATE AND PEANUT BON BONS

Ingredients: 2 oz. peanut butter; 4 oz. dates; dessertspoonful sugar; mock hundreds and housands; finely-chopped nuts; good dessertspoonful water.

Put peanut butter, dates, sugar and water in a pan. Cook very gently till peanut butter and sugar melt, beating with a spoon all the time to make a thick, smooth paste. Put on a plate to cool. Roll into small balls in the hand. Roll in mixture of mock hundreds and thousands and chopped nuts.

And now toffee and fudge.

MARZIPAN

Ingredients: ½ gill water; 1 tablespoonful golden syrup; 2 oz. semolina; a few drops of lemon and almond essence to flavour.

For plain marzipan heat water and syrup. Sprinkle in semolina, stirring to avoid lumps. Cook till mixture is well mixed and very thick, about 5 minutes. Remove from heat; flavour, knead well.

CHOCOLATE MARZIPAN

Ingredients: 2 oz. chocolate; 2 oz. sugar; 2 oz. margarine; 8 oz. stale plain cake crumbs; a few drops of lemon and almond essence to flavour.

For chocolate marzipan, cream sugar and margarine together. Sieve crumbs and beat into creamed mixture. Mix chocolate with just enough milk to make paste. Mix well into mixture.

MARZIPAN DELIGHTS

Humpty Dumptys.—Make eggs of plain marzipan, rolling in hands. Make holes for eyes and nose with skewer and slit for mouth. Fill features with chocolate marzipan and make chocolate hat and cravat.

Sunflowers.—Roll a small ball of plain marzipan. Pierce holes with a skewer and fill with tiny blobs of chocolate. Make chocolate marzipan stalk and add petals of blanched almonds.

Mushrooms.—Make a surround of plain marzipan. Centre of chocolate marzipan, streaked with a knife. Stalk of plain marzipan.

Marzipan Walnuts.—Mould pieces into shape of half eggs. Sandwich two halves, contrasting colours with coffee butter icing, a walnut or almond can be pressed on top.

Animal shapes are attractive in the two colours such as mice and rabbits or a crescent moon with chocolate features.

END

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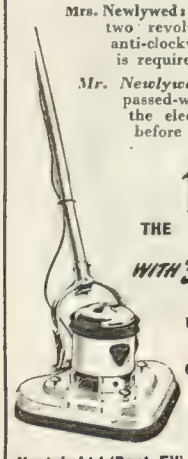
Mr. Newlywed: Can it polish parquet and boards and linoleum and tiles?

Mrs. Newlywed: In *minutes* it will give every floor in the house a higher gloss than *hours* of hand polishing could.

Mr. Newlywed: Then there's the danger of it running away. We need some Controls.

Mrs. Newlywed: The VACTRIC has *three* Brushes, two revolving clockwise and the other anti-clockwise, so only finger-light guidance is required.

Mr. Newlywed: Sounds *wonderful!* Motion-passed-without-a-division. Let's away to the electric shop for a demonstration before they close!



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Books *(Continued from page 34)*

IN **"Poor Man's Tapestry"** Oliver Onions had, as minor character, an old juggler, Gandelyn, who nearly "stole the show." As a young soldier home from the French wars who joins a troupe of Miracle Players, falls in love, has many strange adventures, and finally becomes lone pilgrim again, he is the hero of **"Arras of Youth"** (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.), a fifteenth-century romance whose idiom evokes the spirit of the time, whose scenes are another tapestry wrought by a master-craftsman.

"YOU write books, yes? So what are they about? Oh, people, said the young man. People? said the countess—ah, they are very difficult." This, from a Maurice Baring book, Stevie Smith quotes in **"The Holiday"** (Chapman and Hall, 8s. 6d.), and it explains her own technique. Post-war people of all sorts flash through her story, which has for core the love of Celia, a girl who works in a Ministry, for cousin Caz whom she cannot marry because of an old family-scandal rumour that he is half-brother. The style is sensitive, intuitive, an almost surrealist development of the Katherine Mansfield-Elizabeth Myers approach, yet wilfully original.

IN a small Italian ducal state, at the time of the French Revolution, the Duke appoints Rocca, his chief of customs, as minister. Rocca, a family man with little zest for the post, has to contend with petty intrigue in building up a new order and quash a revolt led by the Duke's cook. Other complications make Peter de Polnay's **"Somebody Must"** (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.) a period piece of colourful, exotic interest.

OCEAN-GOING masters have said of coasters that "they tied up to lamp-posts and that their officers were frightened out of their wits if they lost sight of land," but there's more to the coasting service than that, as Gavin Douglas ably shows in the story of the *Briar Bank* and the men who manned her, from shipyard to break-up on the Normandy beaches: **"The Scuffler"** (Hale, 8s. 6d.). This admirable novel of the sea he dedicates to his father who, at eighty, volunteered as engineer in 1939—giving his age as fifty-nine—and served on the British Coast!

IMAGINE a film company going on location in a haunted old manor house, and the resident ghost—a lovely lady—barging into the shooting, to everyone's consternation! That is John Paddy Carstairs frolic in **"Fingle-Fangle"** (Hirst and Blackett, 8s. 6d.), a tale of amusing characters in farcical situations. Mr. Carstairs recently disclosed in "In Town To-night" that he writes between 6 a.m. and taking up his wife's breakfast. He must have been a morning ray of sunshine while he was working on this one.

WHATEVER happiness Odette Sansom (Mrs. Peter Churchill, G.C., M.B.E.) snatched was in the face of extreme danger and ordeal. This young Picarde woman, volunteering to return as a secret agent to occupied France, was captured after six months, grilled and tortured by the Gestapo, gaoled for twenty-six months at Fresnes, Karlsruhe, Ravensbrücke under constant threat of execution. Her dramatic story, told by Jerrard Tickell in **"Odette"** (Chapman & Hall, 15s.), is for all who admire grit and resource and do not shy at an excellent book because it is a war one.

JOSEPH G. HITRECS'S **"Son of the Moon"** (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.) is a young Rajput Hindu who flies solo to England, absorbs modern western ideas there, strives to apply them to Indian life, and finds solace in love affairs with a white girl, a Eurasian, and finally a Rajput beauty whom he marries after an impassioned mating in a moonlit dream-setting. The wooing and winning of Chanda is as sensuously frank as any in modern fiction and as tropical as the Bombay climate.

COOL irony, by contrast, characterizes George Beardmore's **"A Lion Among the Ladies"** (MacDonald, 10s. 6d.), a study of two friends, musicians, and their love tangles in which Harry the "lion" wins the women of Will the lamb but in the end finds the position somewhat reversed, to his chagrin. A sophisticated story of people who seem to regard love-breaks and divorce as a sort of social aperient.

OTHER books recommended to the attention of readers include:

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Two further titles in the illustrated "World of Music" series, **"Opera Comique"** the story of light opera told with a Gallic lightness of touch and a wealth of illustration both musical and literary by Martin Cooper; **"The Orchestra,"** a fascinating survey of the evolution of the orchestra by Adam Carse, with an introduction by Sir Adrian Boult. (Max Parrish, 7s. 6d. each.)

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Britain's Overseas Fortresses

(*Continued from page 28*)

Hongkong that less than eight years after falling to the Japanese looks once again to its defences.

Hongkong could be a rich prize for the Communist armies that are driving across China and have already taken Shanghai and other great Chinese cities in their stride. That is why some 14,000 British troops as well as R.A.F. and naval reinforcements are at hand to guard the island that has been British for 107 years and the mainland territory that Britain took over on a ninety-nine years' lease half a century ago.

But in conditions short of war or actual emergency Hongkong's defence is not an easy matter, and these last few months have been a difficult time for those in charge of security there. Enjoying the right of unrestricted immigration, 114,000 newcomers from the north have swarmed into the already overcrowded city, bringing its population up to nearly 2,000,000. Needing no passports or identity cards, such unscreened entrants could include a dangerous fifth column.

When Hongkong first became a crown colony in 1842, it was only the island that came under British control. Separated from the mainland by a mere quarter-mile of water, its vulnerability to attack from the north was soon obvious. The cession to us of the neighbouring Kowloon peninsula in 1860 covered this weak flank to some extent, but to complete the defence of Hongkong's harbour Britain secured in 1899 a long lease of further parts of the mainland, so that now Hongkong city is some fifty miles from the Chinese frontier. Even so, the total area of the colony is less than 400 square miles.

Like Hongkong, equatorial Singapore island, some 1,800 miles to the south-east, was the home of fishermen (but without the pirates that infested Hongkong) before Sir Stamford Rafiles founded a trading settlement there for the East India Company in 1819. Seven years later it was combined with Penang and Malacca to become the Straits Settlements colony, but it reverted to its single state again in 1946, when it became a crown colony on its own. Seven times larger than Hongkong island—it is 220 square miles in extent—it has the same strategic disadvantage of being removed from the mainland only by a narrow stretch of water. Fortified chiefly against seaborne attack, it paid the price of its landward connection in February, 1942, when the Japanese overran it in a week.

North-eastwards again to the Mediterranean, to Malta. One of the world's chief ports of call and the Mediterranean base of the British fleet, in this colony's 122 square miles (which include the islands of Gozo and Comino) live to-day nearly 300,000 people. Though the sixty miles of sea that separate it from the nearest land saved it from invasion in the recent war, none of our fortress-colonies suffered a heavier or more prolonged hammering than the George Cross island. Now it rises again from the limestone ruins in which it was laid by enemy bombing, and recovers some of its former glory.

A thriving community for centuries before Hongkong or Singapore ceased to be uninhabited mudbanks, Malta belonged to the Phoenicians, Greeks, Carthaginians and Romans in turn before it was taken by the Arabs in 870. For nearly 500 years it was Sicilian, and then in 1530 it became the home of the Knights of St. John, dispossessed from the island of Rhodes. When Napoleon took it in 1798, on his way to Egypt, the Maltese offered strenuous resistance and for two years helped the British to blockade it. In 1814, by the Treaty of Paris, it became British with the willing co-operation of the Maltese, thus preceding into the Empire by a few years both Singapore and Hongkong.

Senior to all of them, however, in point of time is Gibraltar. British possession of this lofty rock at the Mediterranean's western entrance dates from 1704, when it was captured by Admiral Sir George Rooke during the war of the Spanish Succession. The enterprising Admiral's hoisting of the flag in the name of Queen Anne was soon afterwards ratified by the British Government, and Gibraltar formally passed to the British at the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713. It remained, nevertheless, a bone of contention between us and the Spaniards for a long time, and not until 1783, after a siege that has become famous, did the Spaniards finally yield to our occupation.

Before the British era the "Rock," like Malta, was fought for and settled in from early times. The Moors were there in 711. Six centuries later the Spaniards stepped in and took it, only to be thrown out in their turn by the Moors soon afterwards. Recapturing it in 1462, the Spaniards fortified it so strongly that even in the sixteenth century it had a reputation for impregnability. And virtually unassailable it is to-day—at least from the sea; its Achilles heel is to landward where it meets Spain. To-day with its 440-acre harbour, its tunnelled defences and precipitous cliffs giving unrivalled artillery command over the Straits, this little fortress of less than two square miles had enormous strategic value. It was spared front-line participaion in the late war of the kind that Malta, Hongkong and Singapore underwent, but what would have happened if Hitler had overrun Spain?

A menace to nobody with pacific intentions, these small colonies of the British Commonwealth ask no more than the peaceful comings and goings of seaborne trade. But experience has taught that in an uncertain world they have to be ready to defend themselves. Hongkong finds itself in that position now. And what is happening to-day in China could happen elsewhere to-morrow. To use the language of jingoism, the lion's tail is less likely to be twisted if that peace-loving creature retains a few well-sharpened teeth.

END

Angels Fly High

(*Continued from page 26*)

he went on, "I've enjoyed your films tremendously."

"Thank you." Her voice was remote.

"Yes," he sat down on a prop box, "you know I think. . . ." His roving eye lighted on the sandwiches. "Why, sandwiches! I was in such a hurry I forgot to bring lunch." He lifted an interrogative eyebrow.

Tristan's cold voice brought it down again. "I believe there's a canteen for technicians, Squadron-Leader."

"Oh. Sorry."

"That's all right," Prunella spoke quickly, "have some. I have plenty."

"Thank you, Miss Gordon."

She watched the pile of sandwiches diminish rapidly. "Would you like some coffee?" she asked politely.

"Love some. Miss Gordon, would it be rude of me to ask for your autograph? It's for my kid sister, she's mad about you. Going through that silly stage when she thinks all film stars are wonderful. Here, a piece of lunch paper will do."

Prunella gasped twice for breath. Squadron-Leader Treadwell was certainly a novelty. "All right," she said weakly. She took his pen and the paper.

"Now let's see. . . ." He leant back and rocked the coffee dregs in his cup. "To my dear friend Cynthia Treadwell with love from Prunella Gordon." He looked at her critically. "What do you think?"

Prunella didn't answer. The pen scratched and she wrote, "To Cynthia Treadwell from Prunella Gordon," and passed it back to him.

He read it. "I think it's better," he said, "simple and yet sincere. It typifies your nature."

Prunella tilted her (*Continued on page 72*)

To insist on

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. as many women do—

is just to say, in other words, "I must have comfort, too."

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chin. "Do you think that I'm simple?"

"I think you're simply wonderful." His smile was devastating. "Still," he got to his feet, "mustn't waste my time. Hastings has promised to give me the gen on cameras. Thanks for the autograph."

Prunella watched his tall figure disappear. Her fingers drummed lightly on the hamper. A waste of time indeed.

Tristan Mansell, who had been brooding in the background like Othello, moved into her orbit. "Fellow's got a nerve. Cutting in like that."

Prunella suddenly thought Tristan was tiresome. She lowered her eyes. "I think he's refreshing."

WHEN she came out of the dressing-room at the end of the day he was leaning against the wall cradling his cap in his hands.

He grinned down at her. "Hello there, Miss Gordon. I'm in trouble again."

"Oh? I'm sorry to hear it." Prunella continued down the passage drawing on her gloves.

He fell in beside her. "No transport."

"Well?" She looked up at him obliquely.

"er-Hastings said you usually drive back London way. I wondered if you could give me a lift."

"If you don't mind a crush. Mr. Mansell drives back with me."

"No, that's fine. I don't mind, honestly."

Tristan Mansell was waiting at the studio corner. On seeing them his brows set to a single dark line and stayed that way.

"Squadron-Leader Treadwell is driving back with us," said Prunella wickedly.

"Hope it won't be too much of a squash for you Treadwell."

Tristan's sarcasm was lost on the squadron-leader. "I suppose it's about the most expensive squash I'll ever have."

A small knot of people waited excitedly by the gate of the car park. "Darned autograph-hunters," said Tristan, and sounded only slightly displeased, "don't suppose this sort of thing bothers you Treadwell."

As the three drew near a sigh of audible adoration floated up from the crowd. The squadron-leader was about to say "no" when a shrill voice shouted, "That's Peter Treadwell, the Battle of Britain pilot!"

They broke forward and the squadron-leader found himself being tossed about on a wave of adolescence. A montage of autograph books cut the air in front of him. Starry faces pressed up to his. "Are you going to be a film star, Squadron-Leader?" "Squadron-Leader, are you going steady with Prunella Gordon?" "Could you sign mine twice, Mr. Treadwell?" "A fellow in our street was in your squadron, Squadron-Leader." Grasping hands tore at his buttons.

The squadron-leader looked wildly about him, "Please," he shouted, "give me a break, will you?" He could see Prunella Gordon to his right signing books and edging towards the gate. Tristan Mansell was already through it walking resolutely towards the car. The squadron-leader fought his way ruthlessly towards Prunella and his strong arm made a path for her. In a moment they were past the gate and in the comparative quiet of the car park.

He straightened his cap and looked down at her quizzically. "Is it always like that?"

"Not always. You livened it up some."

The squadron-leader slid into the middle of the coupé seat and put an arm behind Tristan Mansell's shoulder. "This is very comfortable."

Tristan straightened irritably. "You two took your time."

"Sorry." Prunella pressed the starter. "The squadron-leader met some friends."

"He didn't seem very keen to leave them," said Tristan as the squadron-leader's friends parted in front of the radiator.

Squadron-Leader Treadwell realized suddenly that Mr. Mansell was very annoyed. He remembered also that the gossip columnists had arranged an alliance between Mr. Mansell and Miss Gordon. He thought he knew why Tristan was annoyed and he felt at the same time the gentle prick of the devil's trident. He thought he may as well give Mr. Mansell something to be annoyed about.

He turned slightly towards Prunella. "If you will excuse my saying so, Miss Gordon," he said, "you look much more beautiful without all that make-up." He saw the curve of her lips in the driving mirror.

"Thank you, Squadron-Leader. You don't have to work your passage you know."

"Nice work if you can get it." His green eyes held hers in the mirror for a moment.

"Rather boring work if you ask me," said Tristan Mansell.

"Sorry Mr. Mansell. I suppose you get pretty sick of it. You should try it without the cameras sometime."

In St. John's Wood they turned off into a quiet street and stopped before a private gate-way. Tristan Mansell twisted in his seat. "Coming in for a drink, Prue?" He took care not to include the squadron-leader in his invitation.

She shook her head. "Another time Tristan. Promised I'd be home." She reached for the hand brake.

Mansell got out and stood with his back to the small Georgian house. "Well, see you to-morrow then." He flipped his fingers. "Good-bye, Treadwell."

Peter Treadwell sensed the finality in his voice and the devil pricked him again. "I suppose I'll be seeing you," he said and grinned.

When they were out on the main road again Prunella Gordon said, "I live in Chelsea where can I drop you?"

"Is Church Street, Kensington on your way?"

"Of course."

A silence persisted until they turned off the Bayswater Road into Church Street. The squadron-leader checked her when they came to Berkeley Gardens. "This'll do fine." He hopped out.

As he went to slam the door Prunella put her hand on it. "Er—Squadron-Leader?" She turned and faced him directly.

"Yes?"

"Do you think," her eyes were ingenuous on his face, "I could have your autograph? You see my younger brother is fearfully keen on flying and he thinks you're marvellous."

Peter Treadwell realized that he was being teased. He didn't think it was very funny. "Thanks for the lift," he said shortly. He swung on his heel.

Prunella was out of the car in a flash. "Wait," she said, "I wasn't twisting your tail, honestly. I *have* a younger brother, and he *is* crazy about aeroplanes. He'd never forgive me. . . ."

"This is very silly," said Peter Treadwell.

"It's not really. Why not come back now and have dinner with us. You'd like to make my brother happy, wouldn't you?" Finger to chin the squadron-leader hesitated. "My mother is a wonderful cook," went on Prunella.

The squadron-leader stopped hesitating. "Let's go."

PRUNELLA passed through the French windows on to the terrace. Peter Treadwell had dined as he hadn't dined for a long time. He followed her out. The moon had its silver boots tangled in Prunella's hair and the squadron-leader watched the spangles dancing.

"Some night," he said quietly. He leant over the balustrade beside her. They watched the river below in silence.

After a while he said, "London is a great place. I come from Fiji which is a great place, but this is pretty good."

"I like it."

"Oh you like it all right but you never see the best parts of it. Once you move outside the door you have a tail of people on you like a kite. Have you ever been through the Kensington Gardens?"

"Not for ages."

"It's wonderful. I went there yesterday. There's a pond there almost the size of Fiji and swans on it. Swans as big as Spitfires and all honking like tin lizzies only louder. You ought to go there again."

Prunella turned to face him. "Will you take me?"

He smiled. "And Mr. Mansell?"

"Just me. We could go there to-morrow afternoon. There's nothing scheduled."

"We have a date. I'd like it very much." It occurred to him suddenly that Prunella Gordon looked very lovely in the moonlight. The squadron-leader stroked his chin thoughtfully. "Man or mouse," he was thinking. He decided on "man" and stooping, kissed her swiftly on the lips.

"That," said Prunella after a moment, "was very nice. And I'm not certain that I would have allowed anyone else in the world to get away with it."

The squadron-leader looked out into the dark again. "It was nice but it was a silly idea."

"Why?"

"I must remember I'm out of my class."

Prunella ran a pink finger along the balustrade. "Self-pity."

"Nope. Not self-pity, logic." His voice was quiet. "You're an angel and angels do fly high. Out of reach of people like me."

"Other men haven't thought so?"

"Other men don't mind joining the circus. I'd hate it. I like my own quiet corner and anyway I've had my circus." He straightened. "It's late. Time I went home."

Prunella crossed the terrace absently. She wasn't feeling like an angel but then she couldn't tell the squadron-leader that.

CARMODY looked up from the plan. "Do you think it's all right?"

Peter Treadwell looked at the measurements in his hand. "I don't know. I'd have to try it first."

"Steady on, Squadron-Leader. You're Technical Adviser. You don't fly."

The squadron-leader laid a conspiratorial finger along his nose. "Only you and I need know. Saves time and money."

"That's true." Carmody was thinking of his costs. "We'll do it this afternoon. Cast are going home and the cameras are ready at the set."

PRUNELLA drew a scarlet bow across her lips and called, "Come in." She watched the door open in the dressing-room mirror and the squadron-leader's lanky figure sidle in. "Shan't be a moment, Peter." She saw the frown in his eyes. "What's the matter?"

"Sorry, can't come."

She spun on the stool. "Can't come? Oh, Peter why?"

"Work." He grinned at her. "Carmody's decided to shoot some flying."

"Oh. Do you have to go?"

"Must. Those fellows might need some technical advice. I suppose we can see the swans one day next week."

Prunella said, "One day next week," automatically.

Squadron-Leader Treadwell pulled on his cap. "'Bye, Prunella."

As he opened the door Prunella had another idea. "Wait. I'll come with you. It may not take long and we could see the swans afterwards."

He paused, leaning against the jamb of the door. "'Fraid not. Carmody says it will take all afternoon."

"Never mind. It's fun watching and we could eat somewhere later. Besides," she finished wickedly, "how will you get home afterwards?"

"Broomstick," said Peter Treadwell. "Look, I'd rather you didn't come. It's bound to be dull and I can find my way home. I'll ring you when I get back. So long." The door closed behind him.

Prunella turned to face the mirror again. She looked puzzled and pensive at the same time. Prunella Gordon had been told ever so gently that she wasn't wanted and that was a new experience for Prunella Gordon.

She left the studio still looking pensive and was nearly run down by Carmody's car as it lunged past. She had a fleeting glance of the squadron-leader sitting very erect. She drove her own car slowly out on to the main road and towards home. Half way there she beat the steering wheel with a gloved hand. No one, (*Continued on page 74*)

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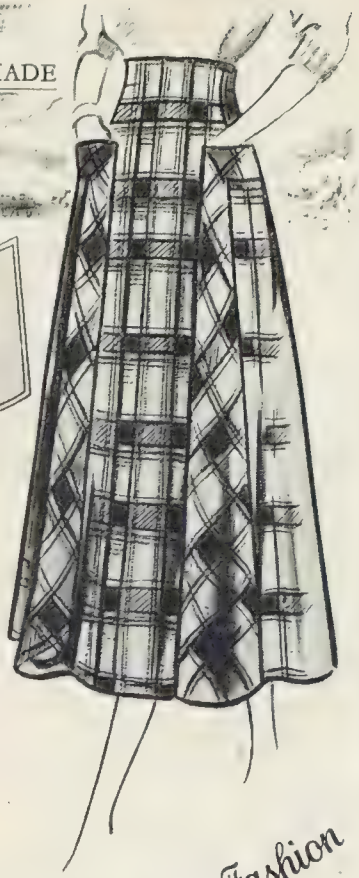

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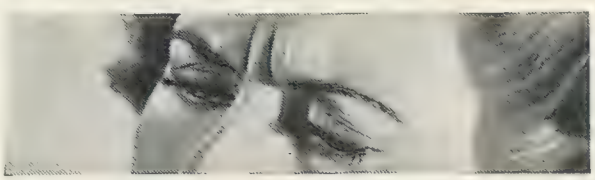

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she decided was going to tell Prunella Gordon what she could or couldn't do. She swung the car and headed back for the location.

Racing up the road the wind lifted the dark tresses away from her face making her look young and eager.

THE same wind was disturbing Carmody's peace of mind. He wasn't looking eager. "Do you think it's too strong?"

"No." Peter Treadwell was staring at the map.

"Those red dots are cameras and I've set them so we can shoot the whole sequence in one flight. The idea is that the plane is crashing. You come in low from this side," he jabbed with the stem of his pipe, "over the first camera, then between the church tower and the wall where there's another camera, then you turn sharp right just clearing the low tile roof. I've got cameras there too. Then you can land. By the way there's a smoke generator in the tail of the plane."

The squadron-leader said, "O.K." and pulled on his helmet. "It looks easy. If there's anything wrong with the first take give me a wave and I'll do it again." He clambered into the cockpit and checked the controls, then he taxied down-wind.

At the end of the field he turned the plane and opened the throttle. He could see Carmody busy with the radio-telephone and beyond him the set buildings looking grotesque with their scaffold bottoms. The engine roared and the plane plunged forward beneath him.

As it started to lift he had a momentary vision of a dark blue coupé nosing on to the corner of the field.

PRUNELLA left the car and walked across the springy turf to where Carmody was standing with his small group of assistants.

"Hallo, Prunella." He lowered the field glasses as she came up. "Thought you'd gone home. Don't speak to me, I'm very busy." He turned to Hastings. "The smoke works all right. I think he's coming in now."

Prunella stood by Hasting's other shoulder. She looked around her. "Where's the squadron-leader?" she said.

"There," said Hastings, pointing at the plane diving towards them. They all ducked instinctively as it flashed overhead with a flat roar.

With her heart in her mouth Prunella came slowly upright and watched it curl tightly between the first two buildings. She closed her eyes for a moment and in that moment knew that she loved Peter Treadwell as she had loved no other man, and that nothing must happen to him.

Hastings said, "Perfect," and she opened her eyes again. The plane, almost obscured by the smoke spewing from its tail, was turning steeply on a wing tip towards the reconstructed roof tops. From the ground it seemed impossible to clear them. It seemed to lift giddily and they could hear its engine hammering. Prunella put a hand over her eyes. She heard the thud, and the gasp from the crowd at the same time. Her eyes opened for one sickening second and saw the roof structure leaning crazily. The crowd started moving towards it involuntarily.

Carmody's voice checked them. "He's all right." A sigh went up as the plane lifted into sight beyond the roof and turned slowly towards them.

Hastings grabbed her arm. "That'll make box office history." Prunella, pale as porcelain, smiled wanly at him. She watched the plane again until Carmody's head cut it from sight as he came towards them waving the radio-telephone.

"O.K." he said, "they've got the lot."

"Hang on," Hastings's voice was queer, "something's wrong." The plane flew slowly across the field and they could see the wing-tips dipping alternately.

One of the mechanics thrust through to Carmody. "Something wrong with the undercarriage."

Carmody blinked once. "Right. Get the ambulance standing by. Hastings, keep these people back. And for God's sake someone keep a camera on that plane!"

Angels Fly High

The plane dropped slowly towards them with its propeller flickering. Prunella was jostled back. She felt faintly sick. Hastings grabbed her and spun her about. "Don't look," he said shortly. She pressed her face tightly into her shoulder. Hastings watched the plane skid above the ground, stall slightly, then flop skidding in a cloud of dust. He's down."

Prunella lifted her head gratefully. As she did so a wing cracked and the plane reared on its nose and toppled over. A dishevelled figure wriggled out from under the plane and lumbered grinning towards them. But Prunella didn't see him. With a low moan she had crumpled to the ground.

Hastings patted her ineffectually and pushed people away. He looked up as Peter Treadwell thrust him aside and knelt down beside her.

"Hey Prunella, wake up!" said the squadron-leader urgently. He could see the colour coming delicately back to her cheeks. "Prunella . . . Prunella. . . ."

Prunella's eyes opened slowly. She breathed deeply, breathing pure relief.

"Come on," said the squadron-leader. "I'm all right. We can go and see the swans now."

"See the swans," echoed Prunella in a happy far-away voice.

Peter Treadwell gathered her swiftly into his arms and straightened up. Carmody and Hastings made way for him. "We're going to see the swans," said the squadron-leader.

Hastings watched him move slowly down the field towards the coupé with Prunella's shapely legs hanging over one arm and her black hair spilling on his shoulder. "What's happening?" he said, puzzled.

Carmody grunted. "You heard him. They're going to see the swans, whatever the hell that means. Come on, let's get packed up. We've made history."

END

The World's Growing Populations (*Continued from page* 16

without the means to alleviate it. In 1822 he published his *Illustrations and Proofs of the Theory of Population*, the vital passage in which reads: "If it were once clearly understood, that it was not disreputable for married persons to avail themselves of such precautionary means as would, without being injurious to health, or destructive of female delicacy, prevent conception, a sufficient check might at once be given to the increase of population beyond the means of subsistence."

The publication of that passage, uninformative as it is, marks the beginning of the movement for the control of conception by human intelligence in place of blind submission to nature's unreasoning fecundity. Place's book did not have a large sale—it has been estimated that probably no more than five hundred copies were printed; but he did far more than publish this single vital message. He wrote and talked to friends and acquaintances; he had printed and distributed handbills containing practical contraceptive instruction; and he advocated contraception in letters to the working-class publications of his time.

In 1826 came Richard Carlile's contribution to the subject, *Every Woman's Book, or What is Love?*—which is believed by some to have been written by Place himself. It was precise, and had a considerable circulation. Shortly afterwards, two further books reached this country from the United States of America: Robert Owen's *Moral Physiology* in 1832, and Charles Knowlton's *Fruits of Philosophy* in 1833. These two works, less crude and more temperate in style than Carlile's *Every Woman's Book*, continued to circulate quietly for many years. In 1865, Dr. R. T. Trall published a work on *Sexual Physiology* containing contraceptive information that was not bettered for more than half a century; and in 1868 appeared an anonymous pamphlet on "The Power and Duty of Parents to Limit the Number of their Children," and another, privately printed, on "The Marriage Problem."

But the advocacy in public of the mechanical control of conception died down with the fading away of the revolutionary spirit that marked the beginning of the nineteenth century, and the development of the Victorian attitude towards sexual morality.

An accident brought the subject once more into prominence. Charles Watts, founder of the Rationalist Press Association, a friend of Bradlaugh's and his publisher, had taken over with the stock of another publisher Knowlton's *Fruits of Philosophy*. Copies of this long circulated booklet assumed a very different aspect in the hands of a certain Bristol bookseller who illustrated it in his own fashion with prints that scarcely accorded with the serious intent of the text. The police seized the offending book, successfully prosecuted the bookseller for obscenity, and then proceeded to take action against Watts, for the sale of something of whose production he was entirely innocent. Bradlaugh urged him to fight, in defence of the free expression of opinion; and almost convinced him. But at the last minute Watts decided to plead guilty, with the extenuating declaration that he had been ignorant of the contents of the book, even as published by himself.

Bradlaugh was furious. He broke off relations with Watts; borrowed some few hundred pounds in collaboration with Mrs. Besant, and with her set up the Freethought Publishing Company, from which the first book issued was Knowlton's *Fruits of Philosophy*, with a new preface signed by Charles Bradlaugh and Annie Besant, insisting on the right of all shades of opinion to legitimate expression.

Bradlaugh was at this time forty-four years of age. Like Francis Place a working man, like Francis Place he believed in the good social effects of early marriage; but he too knew that early marriage without control of conception meant misery for working-class parents and children. It was, however, to combat the attempt to suppress free expression of opinion, rather than because the particular book involved happened to teach contraception, that he plunged into the struggle. His colleague and collaborator, Annie Besant, was thirty in 1877. In her girlhood she had been intensely religious. Devout and unawakened, she had at the age of twenty been married, in true Victorian style, to the Rev. Frank Besant with "no more idea of the marriage relation than if I had been four years old instead of twenty." The shock she received shook her into a state of mental questioning that led to her separation from her husband and her adherence to the movement for free thought.

Meeting Bradlaugh shortly after the separation, Annie Besant found in him a friend, a guide, and a practical helper. She discovered that she possessed a remarkable gift for public speaking; and before their acquaintance was many months old, she was assisting Bradlaugh in the production of his paper the *National Reformer*. Now, she supported him wholeheartedly in his venture into direct publication.

When the newly fledged publishers had decided the date on which they proposed to issue their edition of *The Fruits of Philosophy* Bradlaugh notified the police. The book sold at a tremendous rate—Bradlaugh's daughter, in her life of her father, relates that "although there had been no other advertisement than the one announcement in the *National Reformer*, the crush of buyers in the little shop was enormous, and in the course of twenty minutes over five hundred copies changed hands, in single copies or in small numbers."

The publishers were arrested and tried before a special jury. (*Continued on page* 77

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The Knowlton booklet was alleged to be "obscene, filthy, lewd, and inciting to unnatural and immoral acts and practices." The case was widely reported in the Press —*The Times* alone gave seven columns to it; and though that paper felt itself unable to reprint, even in its law reports, parts of the booklet which were read out in court, every reader learned not only that mechanical means of controlling conception were possible, but also the name of a publication explaining them. The defendants pleaded their own cause, but in spite of their eloquence the jury found them guilty of publishing an obscene work, though it exonerated them from any corrupt motive in so doing. In a column leader which appeared on the same day as the verdict, *The Times* remarked: "What was really intended by the original prosecutors it hardly becomes us to conjecture. If they are to be judged by the rule of results . . . then there cannot be a question that they are the greatest offenders." On appeal, judgment was given for the defendants, on the ground that the form of the original indictment was defective. "We give our judgment upon a dry point of law," said Lord Justice Bramwell, "a point of criminal pleading, not on the merits of the case." In concurring, Lord Justice Brett remarked, "I cannot help saying that the verdict stands untouched."

During the three years following the case, the Freethought Publishing Company sold a hundred and eighty-five thousand copies of *The Fruits of Philosophy*. The Bradlaugh-Besant trial did for contraception what the militant suffrage movement did for women's suffrage: it brought the idea into deeper disrepute in quarters already hostile to it, but it made "news"—and thus introduced it freshly to thousands of receptive minds.

END

Tourists Who Test Their Initiative

(*Continued from page 15*)

SHORTAGE of labour abroad, wider spaces, and a disregard for union tyranny, enables the transient to take on odd jobs. September is a good month, as there is always unskilled work to be done in the vineyards. Germans used to finance holidays by picking the grapes in France. It's a rough and juicy, purpling experience. A few hours' help a day with the harvest and the hay will create or extend a holiday for those who have no £50 or anything like it.

Now foreign visitors are being heard of, who offer skilled labour, and this is new. Yet why shouldn't a mechanic part-finance his holiday by offering extra help in the crowded season? The thing is best done off the beaten track, not in the town. I chatted with a Dane who was working fleetingly in a garage in the high Pyrénées. One month's work to pay for a succeeding month's holiday. Then back to Copenhagen. He said he liked the job so much in new mountain surroundings, that he might not take the holiday at all.

Up the same street was a waiter in a famed hostelry in the Midi. He was an American and in high demand by his swarming countrymen and women, who tipped him exorbitantly. Still, he drew custom to his comrades of the napkin and no doubt amply served his employer by interpreting menus in a manner satisfactory to the house. He had to be enrolled in accordance with union and other regulations. This kind of job is nothing new to Americans who work their way through college even by waiting on other students during vacation periods.

Two bygone crutches to holidaying in a foreign land have died the death. One, I regret, as keenly as I welcome the demise of the other. There are no more of those wandering boys and girls, minstrels, with accordions and things. The Vogelsänger type has been crowded out by the dreadful "pick-up" which blares continuously from the smallest bistro. I'm glad, though, that not one single blond Northern cyclist offered me a postcard of himself. Such ones were invariably touring the globe, and had just landed from Tokio, though you may have seen them weeks before in Paris.

Tourists who test their initiative to-day have got to offer something more useful than their own physiognomies. Are they capable of doing simple paint-work or repairing? There's never any harm in inquiring, the small township being the most likely prospect, apparently. Then there are those two survivals: the artist who contrives to get certain of his works hung in a local café, thereby paying at least for drinks and, with luck, for keep as well, the while he paints other pictures for subsequent sale at home; and the visitor who sells home specialities in a foreign country.

This is now more difficult on account of the Customs inquisition at frontiers and ports. Yet it can still be done, as Breton women show by selling their lace. They may hardly qualify as tourists, but they do show resource by going so far afield, and are rewarded by weeks in the southern sun.

BLACK-MARKET aids to holidaying are much reduced. It is still possible for a foreign motorist in France to do a wangle with his petrol coupons and have a nice sojourn aided out by the proceeds. But journalists are too ready to spoil other peoples' pleasures by revelations in the so-called interests of society. I restrict myself to mentioning a tale related to the Paris *Figaro*. This paper sent one of its reporters from Paris to Cannes on the understanding that he travelled on black market petrol the whole way. Only once was there any sign of a drought and this was relieved in the nick of time when the reporter drew up at a garage where an English tourist had negotiated some of his coupons.

Surprising, also, what can be done in the way of testing one's initiative by playing the exchanges as you cross from frontier to frontier. Switzerland and points adjacent are the region for this, and Americans are again to the fore. With their uncanny dollar minds, they hop this way and that, and, with a little manipulation, bluff and concealment, balance a deal of outgoing expenditure.

Mobile campers are consecrated to a continuous initiative test. They are apt to be put in nasty corners, like gipsies. Their principal cares heretofore have been vittels and sites. Now offspring are being taken along, as camping expands, and they are coming to be worry number one. I can see a future for camp baby-sitting, while parents go awheel. In passing, the very latest means of popular progression is a bicycle-made-for-two, aided along by a small motor. The novelty being that you pedal slowly and with seeming minimum exertion at the same time as the motor turns, and in support of it.

Apropos of baby-sitting, some holiday initiative tests begin at home. Witness those ten sixth-form girls of Sale, Cheshire, who sought evening jobs as baby-sitters to pay for holidays on the Continent. "I want £50 to visit my pen-friend near Paris this summer," quoth a sixteen-year-old Brownies leader, originator of the scheme. Kensington Boy Scouts thought along kindred lines. They wanted £320 to visit Sweden, so collected old junk put out by residents, intending to hold a jumble sale. Unfortunately the junk was stolen on the eve of the auction and whether a second appeal succeeded, I don't know. I mention the two cases, as showing what an untilled field lies ahead in the matter of testing one's initiative in the foreign field.

END

The Mystery Of The Dragonfly

(*Continued from page 20*)

presto! The pincers shoot out and its victim is engulfed—all in the bat of an eyelid. Then the monstrous curling lip folds down again, ready for the next assault.

Dragonfly nymphs are insatiable cannibals, devouring each other, their neighbours, and even newly emerged adults whose wings have yet to harden.

Eating, swelling and moulting, dragonflies spend about a year in the nymphal stage before becoming airborne adults. During this long wait they may moult ten or fifteen times until, one day, the nymph goes crawling up a water weed for the last time. It halts a few inches above the surface; its nymphal armour splits and the gauzy crumpled wings and shimmering needle body of adulthood emerge. Then, leaving behind the brown ghost of its former self, the insect darts into the sunshine on its maiden flight.

So much is the dragonfly a creature of the air, that it will even lay its eggs upon the wing. Bumping along the surface, it dips its abdomen into the water at intervals, depositing strings of tiny, gelatine encased eggs. Some species attach their eggs to the stems of underwater plants by feeling for a suitable spot with their ovipositor, making a slit in the stem and then laying their eggs in the slit.

One of the strangest traits of the dragonfly is its insatiable hunger. A scientist named Beutenmuller once fed a captive dragonfly upon houseflies to see how many it would eat. In two hours it had devoured forty-two flies and was still eating. Other scientists have tried more grisly experiments to see just how compelling a dragonfly's appetite can be. They found that if its tail is bent around and presented to its mouth, the insect will begin gobbling up its own body with enthusiasm, and will continue until it has engulfed all of itself that it can reach.

Sometimes dragonflies will swoop down and pick moths from leaves. They have been known to tackle bees and wasps, and large dragonflies will often eat their smaller brothers. However, mosquitoes and gnats form the greater part of their food, and in the evening they can be seen darting backwards and forwards in squadrons in their search for swarms of midges.

Because they destroy so many noxious insects, it is surprising that dragonflies are still regarded with some feelings of awe by countryfolk, who believe that they sting. This belief is recorded in the insect's traditional names—devil's darning needles, horse killers, mosquito hawks, to quote but a few.

A dragonfly in flight has a menacing look, it is true, with the iridescent glitter of its needle-like body, its whirring wings and its huge eyes, containing as many lenses as 15,000 men. But actually, it does not sting horses, sew up the lips of liars, or bite like a mosquito. In fact, it is quite harmless.

Another curious fact about the dragonfly is that, in spite of its fragile appearance, it is probably the world's most accomplished insect aviator. One species can, in fact, outfly a swallow by reaching a speed of fifty-five miles an hour. To enable its "aero engines" to work at top pressure, a dragonfly breathes 118 times a minute, and in addition, carries reserve bladders of air "fuel." When flying at top speed, its wings move about 1,600 times a minute.

If these speeds can be attained by dragonflies of which the largest known species has a wing span of only 7½ inches, what tremendous speeds could have been attained by their prehistoric ancestors which had a two-foot wing span. Fossil remains of these hawk-sized insects of 200 million years ago have been discovered in spots as far apart as Siberia, Colorado and Belgium. Dragonflies can thus lay claim to having been, not only the oldest of all known insects, but the largest that ever lived.

END

The World In Her Lap (*Continued from page 31*)

to avoid what she knew was coming. You couldn't run away from a man when you were caged with him in your own small sitting-room. She turned her head from side to side, like a trapped thing, and then she moved towards the drink trolley. "Let me get you a cocktail."

He nodded absently, his eyes still on her face. "Noreen, I only see you at parties these days. Will you lunch with me to-morrow?'

"I'm sorry, Kevin. I can't."

"More heavy social dates?"

"That's the idea." Her hand trembled as she handed him his glass. "I'm afraid you won't get very hilarious on this brew."

His eyes travelled down her slim body. "I know other things more intoxicating."

"Must you go on like that?" Her voice came to him, sad, tired, beaten, a muted trumpet that always sounds so far away.

"Why won't you lunch with me?"

"I've told you."

"It wouldn't be that you were afraid? You weren't like that a week ago."

"You couldn't possibly forget that incident, could you?"

"Forget anything I enjoyed so much! Come, Noreen, stop stalling."

She turned away to avoid his eyes. Nervously she filled herself a glass. "I'll drink with you."

"Are you afraid of me, Noreen?"

She nodded dumbly, her lips moved but no sound came.

"That's foolish, my dear." He whispered the words, standing so close to her that his shoulder touched her own. "Why?"

"Because it's in your power to destroy me—to destroy my home, my husband, my happiness."

"You call this happiness!" He glanced round the room. "This struggle. The house a little better than you can afford, a husband strained to breaking point. And you——" Very lightly he ran a disdainful finger down her sleeve. "You with nothing that your youth demands."

"It's the way of life I chose for my own happiness. I was happy," she said slowly. "Please, Kevin, please stop persecuting me."

"What else can I do, since you won't submit to the inevitable." He put his hand under her arm and swung her round to face him. "We can't keep for ever running away from the issue."

"There is no issue, Kevin."

"Why do you say that?"

She put down her untouched glass. She would try again. She braced herself, and her words tumbled in haste about his ears. "Listen, Kevin, listen very attentively. The others may be here at any moment. Let me explain and try to understand. A week ago you kissed me." Under her fair skin her blood ran in banners of distress. "I let you kiss me."

He chuckled softly. "You co-operated, my dear."

"Very well. I co-operated. I was a fool. Remember that evening? I was tired, things had got on top of me, I had a stupid feeling that I was at the end of my tether. You gave me a beautiful party. Everything was glamorous and expensive. Music and all the trappings. I lost my head a little. You know as well as I do that kiss meant nothing. You can't go on holding it against me. It's so ungenerous. Please, Kevin, forget that kiss. It meant nothing—but that's something other people mightn't understand."

"Dan, for instance?"

"Dan," she said softly. "He should know in his heart that it meant nothing, but people don't always see straight."

"To me it meant something, Noreen. It started me thinking. I hadn't till then quite realized what it would mean to me to have you in my arms. If I want a thing I don't give up easily." He smiled. "And don't forget that your husband wants something too. My name on a dotted line."

"That's blackmail."

"That's just a word."

She heard the front door bell, she heard Milly's light step along the passage. "There's someone——"

"We'll talk about it later."

They drew discreetly apart. She fixed a hostess smile on her lips and went forward gracefully to welcome a "contact." She hardly thought of them as men and women. They were just pawns in the business game, just people who might give Dan a contract.

Two minutes later Dan arrived, all apologies, pressure of work. Just for a second his eyes rested on the gardenias.

"Someone usurping my functions?" he asked lightly. "Who's the fellow who keeps my wife in flowers?"

"I plead guilty," said Kevin. "I'll come quietly."

A look of surprise glanced across Dan's face. "Good man," he said with false heartiness. "Now let me see. You know Harry Blake?"

The groups formed and dissolved as Bob threw himself into the business of being a host. Soon a dozen guests were talking shop. Noreen circled dutifully among them, seeing that their glasses were filled, that no one was left isolated, that the right people met the other right people and that she said the right things to everybody. It was a routine. She felt that she could have conducted such a party in her sleep.

Once or twice she looked covertly at Dan. He had so much honesty, so much integrity. She could read it in his face. Still boyish and eager, strong clear cut lines, a little tired but always optimistic. Not one to understand too many subtleties, or make easy allowance for human frailty. So enthroned in her heart that he was part of herself for ever.

Suppose he didn't understand. Or something even worse. It might be that he would weigh a kiss against a contract and come down on the wrong side. That possibility turned her heart to a lump of lead. If only she could find a way that Dan should never know, so that he would never be put to this test. He too might be frail, but she could understand. She had bought understanding the hard way. She had learnt how easy it was to do the wrong thing. Oh Danny—Danny—if only we could go back to the day when Kevin Hamilton came into our lives.

There was something else she had learnt too. It wasn't any use appealing to Kevin for sympathy. The only way to loose his hold was to rap him sharply over the knuckles. And she had no weapons. And perhaps Dan wouldn't want her to offend Kevin past forgiveness. She wasn't free to move in any direction. And this nightmare party seemed to be going on for ever, while her tired mind went round and round her problem.

Like a person in a trance she heard the easy party chatter, the little compliments, the flow of small talk.

She must have been giving the right answers because no one seemed to notice anything unusual. In the end they began to drift away. Another party was nearly over.

Kevin Hamilton didn't move. He always stayed till the last. Lying in wait for her, trying to catch her out. The Blakes were among the last to go. They had a new car. Dan went with them into the road to examine it.

As a hint to Kevin she began to collect the glasses. He moved so close to her that she had to stand still and listen.

"Noreen, we were interrupted. We're always interrupted. You were telling me something important. Change your mind about to-morrow. Lunch with me and you can give me all the explanations you like."

"You're so unkind," she said softly.

"Me! Unkind to you?"

"Yes." Her voice quickened and there was a flush of indignation in her cheeks. It was too late now to think of the consequences. He had goaded her till she had to take a risk. "You keep on and on. Like Satan. You and he—you saw a garden of Eden and you weren't content till you had destroyed it. You and he—you both know it isn't hard to tempt a woman. You had all the good things to offer. I'm no saint. Of course I get tired of pinching and saving and putting on a show. Doesn't deceive you, does it? I get fed up just like anyone else and you try to trade on that."

"Take it easy, my pretty."

"No. I've taken it easy too long. I appealed to your better nature—but you haven't got one. I thought some gentlemanly instinct might have urged you to stop. I didn't know you then. I do now. The part of me that kissed you that night isn't the important part. Let's stop fencing. The part of me that matters belongs to Dan for ever."

"I love you, Noreen."

"It isn't my idea of love. It's—it's more like a war of attrition."

His hand closed suddenly over her wrist. "Don't be foolish, pet. You have things at stake. Things that might run into thousands. You see I have all the trump cards and in the end——"

The doors had been open. Dan must have come very quietly into the room though they were not sure just when. They moved apart. No one could have heard what they were saying, their voices had been low, and they were standing very closely, very intimately together. Noreen turned away quickly for fear there was anything to be read in her face.

Dan's voice was cool, unmodulated, polite. "You were just going, Hamilton?"

"Yes, old chap. First to come and last to leave. Good advertisement for your hospitality."

"Or for my wife."

"That's right. You're a lucky fellow. By the way that contract——"

"Sorry, Hamilton. Shan't be able to fulfil it now. Big rush of work. As far as I'm concerned," he made a tiny significant pause, "you'll still have to stay in the dark."

"But my dear fellow I was coming round to-morrow——"

"Don't trouble."

There was a pool of silence. Kevin Hamilton broke it. He stepped across the room. "Just as you like, old man." He moved to the door. "Well, I'll push off. Thanks for the party. I'll be seeing you—or shan't I?" The turn of phrase seemed to amuse him, for he stepped smiling into the passage and the front door closed behind him.

In the sitting-room neither of them spoke. It was as if they had to listen attentively, in order to try to hear Kevin Hamilton push the self starter, to hear the soft swish as the big car moved smoothly down the road.

Her voice was that of a startled bird crying over a waste of water. "Dan—Oh Dan—why—why did you?"

He didn't answer. He didn't even look in her direction. He strolled across the room and sat in one of the armchairs, his hands clasped loosely between his knees. There was a silence that seemed unending. She heard the clock and a car passing outside. Little spirals of smoke rose from the ash trays. Her heart which for a moment had lifted sank again.

"I've been thinking," he said at last.

"Yes, Dan?"

"I've been thinking that things have got to change around here."

There was another silence. The light outside was dying. Shadowy fingers pushed into the room and seized on the corners to hide. The roses glowed palely. Dan's face was grave, purposeful. She stood waiting for the end.

"Once," he said slowly, after what seemed an interminable time, "I promised you the world in your lap. You've got to let me out of that promise."

She moved a little closer to his chair, though still keeping her distance. "It was your idea," she said defensively. "I never asked for it."

"It was a silly idea. I see that now."

"I won't hold you to it." She moved uncertainly in her bewilderment. She wished he would get up and bawl her out, do anything but sit there keeping her in this agonizing suspense.

He hardly seemed conscious that she was standing behind him.

"We've tried to go too fast," he said, almost to himself. "I want to cry off my bargain."

She was not sure what he meant. She drew her breath in an anguished intake. "I won't hold you to anything."

"I want us to start slower." His voice quickened a little but he did not turn his head. "You must (*Continued on page 80*)

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see for yourself that things are wrong."

She moistened her dry lips. "How wrong, Dan?"

"The house is always cluttered up with people we barely know. I feel I can't breathe unless I have a motive. I dream of contracts every night. And you——" He stretched a hand. "You who are my bright particular jewel—you who are the heart of me—my reason for living—you're too thin, too tired. You have to be polite to creatures like Kevin Hamilton. I won't have it." He raised his voice. "Do you hear? I won't have it. My wife isn't part of the hospitality service. I don't want the world at that price."

"Oh Danny—Danny!" She moved forward. She dropped on her knees at his feet.

He smiled down at her. "You don't mind. About the world—I mean."

"Danny, I'd rather have a baby in my lap," she whispered.

"You shall, my sweet." He ran a finger over her bright gold hair. "A little girl that looks like you." He bent down and unpinned the gardenias at her shoulder, carefully pinned the brooch back on her frock and tossed the gardenias into the grate. "That's better. When I kiss you I can't have anything that might come between you and me—not even flowers."

"Nothing must ever come between us," she whispered, as he bent and kissed her eager mouth.

END

The World In Her Lap

Let 'Em Eat Wood

(*Continued from page 25*)

Organization of the United Nations.

The fact that wood can now be made into food ranks with the discovery of America as a new promise of life for humanity. Just as the broad American fields confounded Malthus and permitted the Industrial Revolution to multiply the population of Europe, so the conversion of billions of tons of wood into food opens an incalculable new era for mankind.

EVERY year the United States wastes 200 million tons of wood. Half of it is left in the forests as stumpage, tops and branches; the other half is slabs, sawdust and cuttings at the sawmills and at woodworking factories. The total is a hundred times larger than the entire American production of sugar. It is ten times larger than the entire U.S. consumption of grain products.

The world over there are 3,000 million acres of forest now in use. They can produce 3,000 million tons of wood a year. Including the tropical forests, practically unused now, the world could produce at least 10,000 million tons, year after year. By contrast the world's corn production is only 150 million tons a year and the world's sugar amounts to only 30 million tons.

To turn wood into a nutritious vitamin-rich protein food takes only two simple steps, both of them already in large-scale use. The chief component of wood is cellulose, a carbohydrate closely related to starch and sugar. Simple steaming with acid converts cellulose into sugar. The equally simple second step uses the microscopic yeast plant to convert the wood-sugar into an attractive protein food.

The result is a brownish powder with a meaty, nutty or celery flavour, depending on the strain of yeast used. It contains fifty per cent of protein and is rich in nearly all the B vitamins. It can be made for less than sixpence a pound. To compete with it in protein value, meat would have to sell at threepence a pound. Thus the prospect is for a food that is not only cheap and plentiful but also provides the body with building materials that are lacking in the staple cereal foods. Merely as an improvement in nutrition it is important. What is phenomenal is that it also multiplies the world's food supply many times.

This is so admirable an answer to the world's pressing food problem that it seems strange that it is not already in use everywhere on earth. The reason is that both of the two steps in the conversion of wood into food are new and were developed during the war. Yet in Jamaica the British are now operating a plant to produce five tons of food yeast per day and are relieving the shortages of both protein and vitamins on that island. The unheralded success of the Jamaican experiment is perhaps the most important recent development in technology.

When the Germans undertook to convert wood cellulose into wood sugar before and during the war they did not have food in mind. What they needed was alcohol to be used in the production of explosives and other war material. Industrial alcohol is commonly made by the fermentation of molasses but the German molasses supply was far from adequate. Thus every effort was put into the possibility of using wood as a source of sugar. It was accomplished first by the Nobel-prize winner, Dr. Friederich Bergius, who used an expensive acid process and finally, quite simply and cheaply, by boiling wood chips in dilute sulphuric acid. Since two-thirds of all wood is cellulose, no matter what the type of tree, and no matter whether trunk or branch or twig, they were able to make good use of much material that has previously been wasted.

The digestion of wood with acid forms a complex mixture of sugars which are not directly edible, chiefly because they do not easily crystalize into a product suitable for table use.

But the syrupy mixture is an excellent medium for the culture of yeast and for the age-old process of fermentation.

But yeast can be used not only to produce alcohol but also to produce yeast. In fact, the by-products of the German alcohol plants gave large quantities of excellent yeast for cattle fodder. Unlike the green plants, yeast contains no chlorophyll. It therefore cannot use the energy of sunshine to combine water and the carbon dioxide of the atmosphere to build its own substance. All the plants that are not green—the mushrooms and toadstools, the fungi and molds and bacteria—live on the substance of other plants, living or dead, by absorbing and assimilating them almost as an animal does. So yeast lives on plant sugars and builds its substance from them. Some yeasts can do this in the absence of air and in that case utilize an abnormal reaction which results in alcohol formation. But other yeasts, given plenty of air, use the sugar not to form alcohol but to grow yeast. It is a simple matter to alter the fermentation process by employing a yeast called *torula utilis* and bubbling plenty of air through the mass, thereby reducing or eliminating the production of alcohol but greatly increasing the production of yeast. In twelve hours a few pounds of this yeast can be multiplied into a ton merely by providing it with sugar solution, air and ammonia—the latter being an essential ingredient of all proteins.

This food yeast is unlike the ordinary baker's yeast in two respects. In the first place, after filtering and drying, it is no longer a live plant and therefore will not further multiply or ferment. It is a dry food powder that can be used exactly like flour. In the second place the flavour of this food yeast can be made very attractive, can imitate any number of familiar flavours such as roast beef, or it can be produced in innumerable completely new and attractive flavours.

When yeast multiplies in the large sugar vats it does so by the simple process of splitting into two yeast cells which then split again and the process continues with each new cell identical with the original cell in all respects, including its flavour. But under laboratory conditions yeast can also be made to propagate by means of tiny seed-like spores. The British chemist, A. C. Thaysen, first succeeded in cross-breeding various strains of yeast and at Washington University at St. Louis during the war Dr. and Mrs. Carl Lindegren produced hundreds of hybrid varieties by cross fertilization. Those with the highest protein content and vitamin values and those with the most attractive flavours can be selected for use in food. When they are allowed to grow in the sugar vats they always propagate true to their specific character so that their flavour remains dependably uniform.

THE importance of this new process lies in the fact that the under-nourished peoples of the world do not so much lack food as they lack body-building proteins. They live on cereals like rice and wheat. While these provide energy for living and working, they do not ensure health. Carbohydrates and fats are burned by the muscle cells but they cannot build cells. For the repair of the human body itself and for growth nothing can take the place of proteins. It is because few plant and vegetable foods provide enough protein that the human race has turned to eating meat. Even cattle need protein feeds and their grass diet must be supplemented with vegetable proteins if they are to grow rapidly or are to produce ample milk. In fact, many thousands of tons of yeast have been fed to cattle for that purpose.

Up to now the most effective converter of carbohydrates into protein has been the hog. But feeding grain to hogs is wasteful because he needs five pounds of grain to make one pound of meat. The yeast plant, on the other hand, needs no more than two pounds of sugar for every pound of protein. Since in addition yeast can live on wood while the hog cannot, hogs will surrender their economic value to the tiny yeast plant.

It would be to the advantage of the human race to convert much of the present limited supply of starches and sugars into protein by the use of yeast. But there is actually little sugar or starch to spare. It is therefore the production of sugar from wood and the conversion of this sugar into yeast that opens a whole new prospect of feeding the human race.

Perhaps the American people, well-fed and conservative in habit, will not soon be attracted to eating yeast nor to saving this colossal wastage of forest products. But in the rest of the world, particularly in Asia, the situation is very different. India has only three-fourths of an acre per person, which is far beneath the starvation level. And besides, the Hindu religious beliefs prevent the eating of meat. Only the eating of food yeast from wood can prevent famine in India.

In China the food supply is almost as precarious. In addition, the forest lands have been denuded so that the wood crop in China is only about fifty pounds a year per person, less than one pound a week. The Chinese could not live well even if they ate all their wood.

Yet elsewhere there remain thousands of millions of acres of forest land to be used. In his recent book, *The Coming Age of Wood*, Dr. Glesinger estimates that one-fourth of the four billion acres of the earth's original forest land which have been stripped by man since the beginning of history can be reclaimed for the forests and could produce at least a billion tons of wood a year. There also remain some five billion acres of virgin forest in the tropics of Africa and South America, and in Alaska and Siberia. It is Dr. Glesinger's ardent claim that the forests can produce not only ample food but can also triple the supply of "everything, from houses, picture magazines and airplanes to women's stockings, food and liquid fuel."

"Let 'em eat wood," is not a curse but a blessing.

END

1.9.49

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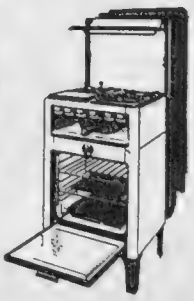

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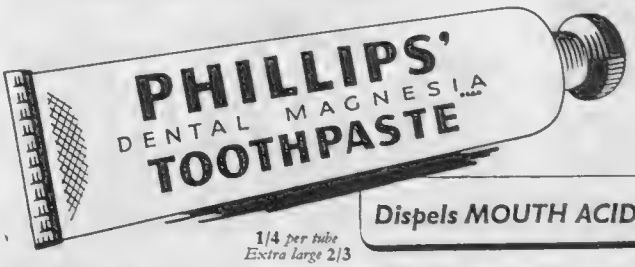
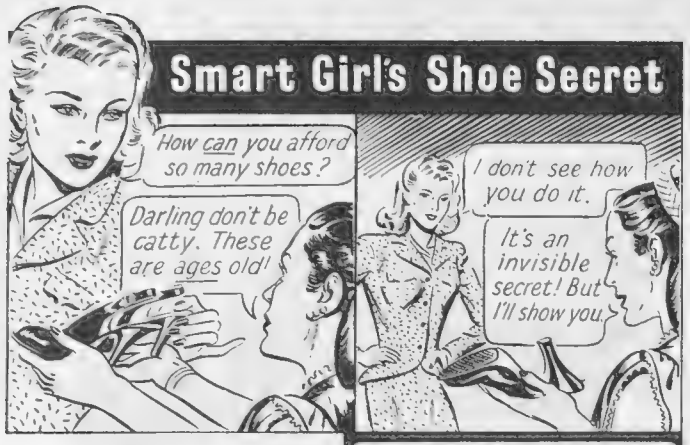


★ *'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.*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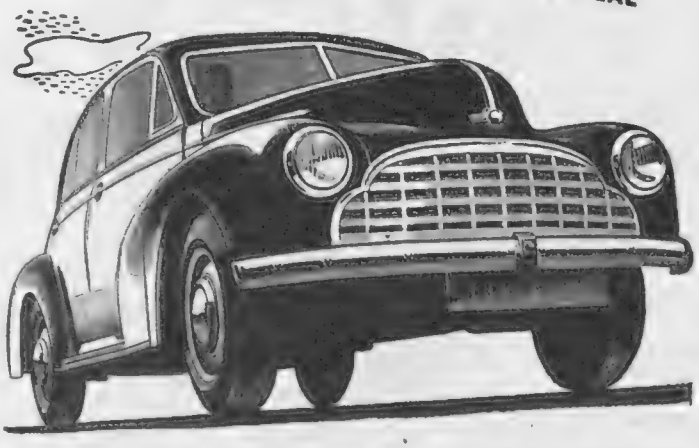

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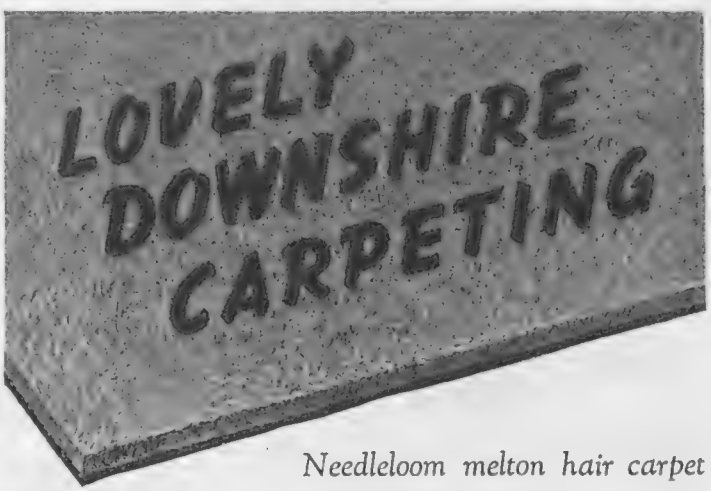

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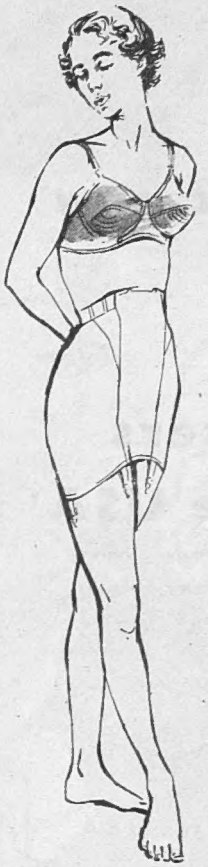

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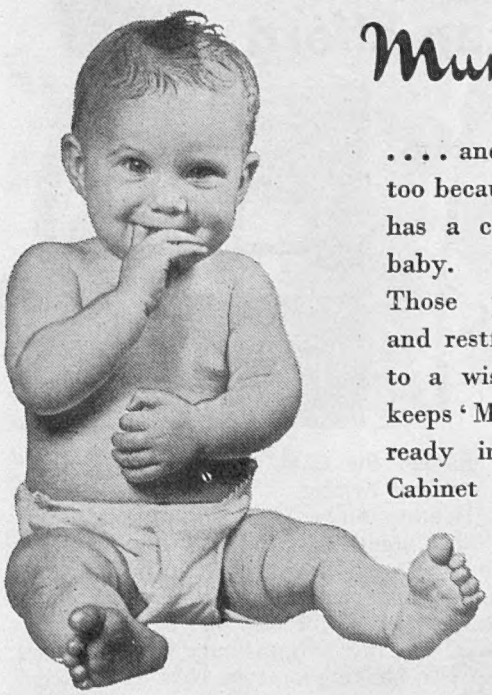

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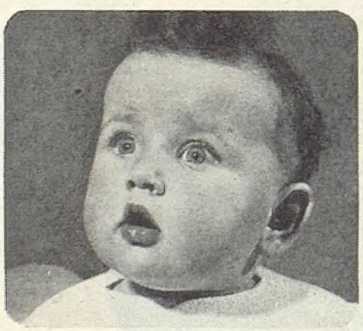

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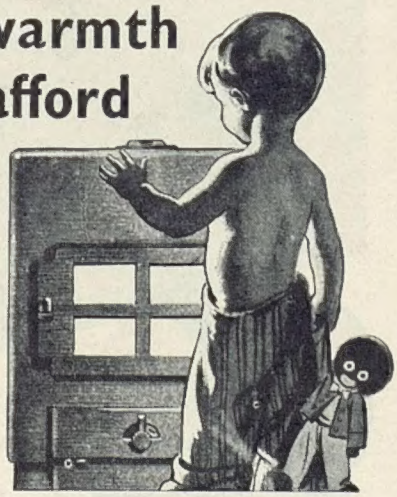

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